# Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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*Tomb of Ibrahim Padsha.*

The Tomb that is represented in this plate stands outside the walls of the city of Bejapore, not more than half a mile from the Mecca gate, by which the place is entered, on arriving at Bejapore from the northward. Amongst the many monarchs of Hindostan, who lie in rich and splendid sepulchres, there is scarcely one whose ashes are contained within a shrine of such magnificence and beauty, as those of Ibrahim Adil Shah, the fifth king of Bejapore. Capt. Sykes, in his account of this city, found in the third volume of the Bombay Transactions, gives the following notice of this grand and elegant structure.

"The next object is the tomb of Ibrahim Padshah, situated without the walls, near the Mecca gate. It was built in twelve years, and is a light, highly finished structure, with a mosque adjoining; the whole contained within a strong wall, through which is a large and handsome gateway. The buildings are of stone, and the decorations, in relief, are equal to anything in India, for infinite variety and elegance of design and for the ability of the execution. The whole walls of the exterior of the tomb, and the ceiling of the open veranda which surrounds it, are covered with sentences from the Koran, mingled with wreaths of flowers, enclosed in compartments; and the border of each compartment differs in pattern from that of the adjoining. The letters were gilt, and the ground azure; the gilding and colour are yet preserved in some places, and the brilliancy of the azure is remarkable. The windows, instead of lattice or fret-work, are composed of Arabic sentences, cut out of stone tables, the space between each letter perforating the stone, and admitting the light. Three or four ordinary tomb-stones inside, are covered with tattered silks. What is very curious in this tomb is, that the ceiling is quite flat, made of square slabs of stone, without any apparent support: over this is a room with a convex ceiling, but the curvature is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; upon this is raised the admirably proportioned dome. The numerous stone minarets are all highly decorated and in good taste."

Captain G. Sydenham, in his description of Bejapore, in the year 1811, found in the thirteenth volume of the Asiatic Researches, shews that this city has only of late years come into any notice, or attracted any attention from the present possessors of India. He writes in the following terms respecting the remains of this extraordinary capital:—

"The most conspicuous of the buildings outside the fort is the *Makbara* of Sultan Ibrahim the Second. On the exterior of the body of the mausoleum over which the dome is raised, the walls are carved into Arabic inscriptions, sculptured with great skill, and disposed in every variety of ornament. The gilding and enamel, however, is entirely defaced, excepting in a small part in one of the sides, where its remains give a faint idea of its former lustre. A person looking at the illuminated page of a beautiful oriental manuscript, magnifying this, and fancying it to be represented by sculpture, painting, and gilding, on the face of a wall of black granite, will have some conception of the labour, skill, and brilliancy of this work. The whole of the Koran is said to be carved on the the four sides of this elegant structure, in which the utmost art and taste of the architect and the sculptor have combined to produce the richest effect. This beautiful building, with its mosque, was erected by Ibrahim for his deceased daughter, Zuhrah Sultan, and on his death his remains were deposited here. It has unfortunately sustained some injury from shot, which were directed against the tents of Aurungzebe, who first encamped a little beyond the tomb." That extraordinary brass or composition gun, that stands on a rampart in the wall of Bejapore, which seems as if built on purpose to receive it, points towards this edifice. This singular piece of ordnance is well known in India. It is said to be about 40 tons in weight; and it is calculated, that the shot in iron would weigh upwards of a thousand pounds. The chamber is nearly half its length, which is only fourteen feet altogether, so that it has a clumsy, mis-shapen appearance. There is said to be an annual resort of Hindoos to this gun, and that it has a few constant attendants, who place flowers and perfumes in and about it, as if it were an object of religious reverence. When the writer saw it in the year 1823, it appeared to be deserted, and visitors were left to crawl in and out of it, for curiosity's sake, at their will and pleasure.

In the accounts given of the tomb of Ibrahim Padshah, it will be remarked, that the ornament and carving is the thing principally spoken of. In truth, it is much easier to give a minute description of such a building, than to convey any thing like an adequate idea to the mind of any one, of the grand and imposing effect of a structure, the design of which is so noble, and the proportions so admirable.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

## LINES,

On seeing an American Pilot Boat on the 6th June 1832, (on board United States Ship Brandywine at sea,) being the first the author had seen for nearly four years.

Hail! gallant bark thy presence here bespeaks
That we are near our native land once more;
I see thy flag with white and crimson streaks,
The flag that waves o'er freedom's happy shore.
Hail! to those stars that proudly shine on high,
And dart their beaming splendours all around,
Bright as their likeness in our own blue sky
That shed their influence o'er fair freedom's ground.
May that proud flag long float up on the air,
As on the day when it was first unfurled,
When our young country did her tyrants dare,
And stood the admiration of the world.
That country I am proud to call my own,
Her much loved shores I hail with pure delight,
Though it has been my fate elsewhere to roam,
My country's skies has been my guiding light.
Nought shall remove me from her shores again,
Nor tempt me o'er the ocean wide to stray;
I never more will plough the stormy main
Where tempests howl and vivid lightnings play.
Anticipation fondly warms my breast,
And bids me dream of bliss without alloy,
That in my home I may again be blest,
And my past misery give a zest to joy.

RED GAUNTLET.

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Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

## THAT GENTLEMAN,

### OR PENCILLINGS ON SHIP-BOARD.

BY MISS LESLIE.

You sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight. BYRON.

"And now, dear Caroline, tell us some particulars of your passage home," said Mrs. Esdale to her sister, as they quitted the tea-table on the evening of Mr. and Mrs. Fenton's arrival from a visit to Europe.

"Our passage home," replied Mrs. Fenton, "was moderately short, and generally pleasant. We had a good ship, a good captain, splendid accommodations, an excellent table, and were not crowded with too many passengers."

"Yet, let us hear something more circumstantial," said Mrs. Esdale.

"Dear Henrietta," replied her sister, "have I not often told you how difficult it is to relate any thing amusingly or interestingly when you are expressly called upon to do so; when you are expected to sit up in form, and furnish a regular narrative, with a beginning, a middle, and an end."

"But, indeed," rejoined Mrs. Esdale, "we have anticipated much pleasure from hearing your account of the voyage. Come,—let us take our seats in the front parlour, and leave your husband and mine to their discussion of the political prospects of both hemispheres. The girls and myself would much rather listen to your last impressions of life on ship-board."

"Do, dear aunt," said both the daughters of Mrs. Esdale, two fine girls of seventeen and fifteen—and taking their seats at the sofa-table, they urged Mrs. Fenton to commence.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Fenton, "to begin in the manner of the fairy tales—once upon a time there lived in the city of New York, a merchant whose name was Edward Fenton—and he had a wife named Caroline Fenton. And notwithstanding that they had a town-house and a country house, and a coach to ride in, and fine clothes, and fine furniture, and plenty of good things to eat and to drink, they grew tired of staying at home and being comfortable. So they sailed away in a ship, and never stopped till they got to England. And there they saw the king and queen, with gold crowns on their heads, and sceptres in their hand—(by the bye it was lucky that we arrived in time for the coronation)—and they heard the king cough, and the queen sneeze: and they saw lords with ribbons and stars, and ladies with plumes and diamonds. They travelled and travelled, and often came to great castles that looked like giant's houses: and they went all over England and Wales, and Ireland and Scotland. Then they returned to London, and saw more sights; and then they were satisfied to come back to America, where they expect to live happily all the rest of their lives."

"Now aunt, you are laughing at us," said Juliet Esdale—"your letters from Europe have somewhat taken off the edge of our curiosity as to your adventures there; and it is just now our especial desire to hear something of your voyage home."

"In truth," replied Mrs. Fenton, "I must explain, that on this, the first evening of my return, I feel too happy, and too much excited to talk systematically on any subject whatever; much less to arrange my ideas into the form of a history. To-morrow I shall be engaged all day at my own house: for I must preside at the awakening of numerous articles of furniture that have been indulged during our absence with a long slumber; some being covered up in cases, and some shut-up in closets, or disrespectfully imprisoned in the attics. But I will come over in the evening; and, if we are not interrupted by visitors, I will read you some memorandums that I made on the passage. I kept no regular journal, but I wrote a little, now and then, chiefly for my amusement, and to diversify my usual occupations of reading, sewing and walking the deck. Therefore, excuse me to-night, and let me have my humour, for I feel exactly in the vein to talk 'an infinite deal of nothing.'"

"Aunt Caroline," said Clara, "you know that, talk as you will, we always like to hear you. But we shall long for to-morrow evening."

"Do not, however, expect a finished picture of a sea-voyage," said Mrs. Fenton, "I can only promise you a few slight outlines, filled up with a half tint and without lights or shadows, like the Chinese pictures that we see sometimes on their tea-chests."

On the following evening, the gentlemen having gone to a public meeting, and measures being taken for the exclusion of visiters, Mrs. Esdale and her daughters seated themselves at the table with their work, and Mrs. Fenton produced her manuscript book, and read as follows: having first reminded her auditors that her husband and herself, instead of embarking at London, had gone by land to Portsmouth, and from thence crossed over to the Isle of Wight, where they took apartments at the principal hotel in the little town of Cowes, at which place the ship was to touch on her way down the British Channel.

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Having amply availed ourselves of the opportunity (afforded by a three days' sojourn) of exploring the beauties of the Isle of Wight, we felt some impatience to find ourselves fairly afloat, and actually on our passage "o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea." On the fourth afternoon, we walked down to the beach, and strolled amid shells and sea-weed, along the level sands at the foot of a range of those chalky cliffs that characterize the southern coast of England. It was a lovely day. A breeze from the west was ruffling the crests of the green transparent waves, and wafting a few light clouds across the effulgence of the declining sun, whose beams danced radiantly on the surface of the water, gilding the black and red sails of the fishing boats, and then withdrawing, at intervals, and leaving the sea in shade.

"Should this wind continue," said Mr. Fenton, "we may be detained here a week, and have full leisure to clamber again among the ruins of Carisbrook Castle, and to gaze at the eleven chalk-rocks of Shanklin Chine, and the other wonders of this pleasant little island."

We then approached an old disabled sailor, who was smoking his pipe, seated on a dismantled cannon that lay prostrate on the sands, its iron mouth choked up with the sea-weed that the tide had washed into it; and on entering into conversation with him, we found that he was an out pensioner of Greenwich hospital, and that for the last ten years, he had passed most of his time about Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

"Have you ever known a ship come down from London with such a wind as this?" enquired Mr. Fenton.

"No," replied the sailor, "After she doubles Beachy Head, this wind would be right in her teeth."

"Then," said Mr. Fenton, turning to me—"till it changes, we may give up all hope of seeing our gallant vessel."

"What ship are you looking for?" asked the sailor.

"The Washington."

"Oh! an American ship—aye, *she'll* come down. *They* can make their way with any sort of wind."*

He had scarcely spoken, when the flag of our country appeared beyond the point, its bright stars half obscured by the ample folds of the white and crimson stripes that, blown backward by the adverse breeze, were waving across them. In a moment the snowy sails of the Washington came full into view, shaded with purple by the setting sun.

"There she is!" exclaimed my husband, "There she comes—is not an American ship one of the most beautiful objects created by the hand of man! Well, indeed, do they merit the admiration that is so frankly accorded to them by every nation of the earth."

My husband, in his enthusiasm, shook the hand of the old sailor, and slipped some money into it. We remained on the beach looking at the ship till

"—— o'er her bow the rustling cable rung,
The sails were furl'd; and anchoring round she swung."

A boat was then lowered from her stern, and the captain came off in it. He walked with us to the hotel, and informed us that he should leave Cowes early the following day. We soon completed the preparations for our final departure, and before eight o'clock next morning we had taken our last step on British ground, and were installed in our new abode on the world of waters. Several of the passengers had come down in the ship from London; others, like ourselves, had preferred commencing their voyage from the Isle of Wight; and some, as we understood, were to join us at Plymouth.

We sailed immediately. The breeze freshened, and that night, and the next day there was much general discomfort from sea-sickness; but, fortunately for us both, I was but very slightly affected by that distressing malady, and Mr. Fenton not at all.

On the third day, we were enabled to lay our course with a fair wind and a clear sky: the coast of Cornwall looking like a succession of low white clouds ranged along the edge of the northern horizon. Towards evening we passed the Lizard, to see land no more till we should descry it on the other side of the Atlantic. As Mr. Fenton, and myself leaned over the taffrail, and saw the last point of England fade dimly from our view, we thought with regret of the shore we were leaving behind us, and of all we had seen, and known, and enjoyed in that country of which nothing now remained to our lingering gaze, but a dark spot so small as to be scarcely perceptible. Soon we could discern it no longer: and nothing of Europe was now left to us but the indelible recollections that it has impressed upon our minds. We turned towards the region of the descending sun,—

"To where his setting splendours burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn,"

and we vainly endeavoured to direct all our thoughts and feelings towards our home beyond the ocean—our beloved American home.

On that night, as on many others, when our ship was careering through the foam, with her yards squared, and her sails all trimmed to a fresh and favouring breeze, while we sat on a sofa in the lower cabin, and looked up through the open sky light at the stars that seemed flying over our heads, we talked of the land we had so recently quitted. We talked of her people, who though differing from ours in a thousand minute particulars, are still essentially the same; for our laws, our institutions, our manners, and our customs, are with little variation, founded upon theirs. Their arts are our arts; their noble and copious language is also ours; their Shakspeare belongs likewise to us: and we rejoice that we can possess ourselves of his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," in all their original freshness and splendour, unobscured by the mist of translation. Though the ocean divides our dwelling-places: though the sword and the cannon-shot have sundered the bonds that once united us to her dominion: though the misrepresentations of travelling adventurers have done much to foster mutual prejudices, and to embitter mutual jealousies, still we share the pride of our parent in the glorious beings she can number among the children of her island home, for

"Yet lives the blood of England in our veins."

On the fourth day of our departure from the Isle of Wight, we found ourselves several hundred miles from land, and consigned to the solitudes of that ocean-desert, "dark-heaving—boundless—endless—and sublime"—whose travellers find no path before them and leave no track behind. But the wind was favourable, the sky was bright, the passengers had recovered their health and spirits, and for the first time were all able to present themselves at the dinner-table; and there was really what might be termed "a goodly company."

It is no longer the custom in American packet ships for ladies to preserve in what is called a sea-dress: that is a sort of dishabille prepared expressly for the voyage. Those who are not well enough to devote some little time and attention to their personal appearance, rarely come to the general table, but take their meals in their own apartment. The gentlemen also, pay as much respect to their toilet as when on shore.

The *coup d'œil* of the dinner-table very much resembles that of a fashionable hotel. All the appurtenances of the repast are in handsome style. The eatables are many of them such, as, even on shore, would be considered delicacies, and they are never deficient in abundance and variety. Whatever may be the state of the weather, or the motion of the ship, the steward and the cook are unfailing in their duty; constantly fulfilling their arduous functions with the same care and regularity. The breakfast table is always covered with a variety of relishes, and warm cakes—At noon there is a luncheon of pickled oysters, cold ham, tongue, &c. The dinner consists of fowls, ducks, geese, turkies, fresh pork or mutton; for every ship is well supplied with live poultry, pigs and sheep. During the first week of the voyage there is generally fresh beef on the table, it being brought on board from the last place at which the vessel has touched: and it is kept on deck wrapped closely in a sail-cloth and attached to one of the masts, the salt atmosphere preserving it. Every day at the dessert there are delicious pies and puddings, followed by almonds, raisins, oranges, &c.; and the tea-table is profusely set out with rich cakes and sweetmeats. For the sick there is always an ample store of sago, arrow root, pearl barley, tamarinds, &c. Many persons have an opportunity, during their passage across the Atlantic, of living more luxuriously than they have ever done in their lives, or perhaps ever will again.

Our passengers were not too numerous. The lesser cabin was appropriated to three other ladies and myself. It formed our drawing room; the gentlemen being admitted only as visitors. One of the ladies was Mrs. Calcott, an amiable and intelligent woman, who was returning with her husband from a long residence in England. Another was Miss Harriet Audley, a very pretty and very lively young lady from Virginia, who had been visiting a married sister in London, and was now on her way home under the care of the captain, expecting to meet her father in New York. We were much amused during the voyage, with the coquetry of our fair Virginian, as she aimed her arrows at nearly all the single gentlemen in turn; and with her frankness in openly talking of her designs, and animadverting on their good or ill success. The gentlemen, with the usual vanity of their sex, always believed Miss Audley's attacks on their hearts to be made in earnest, and that she was deeply smitten with each of them in succession; notwithstanding that the smile in her eye was far more frequent than the blush on her cheek; and notwithstanding that rumour had [illegible] in the neighbourhood of Richmond, whose constancy it was supposed, she would eventually reward with her hand, as he might be considered, in every sense of the term, an excellent match.

Our fourth female passenger was Mrs. Cummings, a plump, rosy-faced old lady of remarkably limited ideas, who had literally passed her whole life in the city of London. Having been recently left a widow, she had broken up housekeeping, and was now on her way to join a son established in New York, who had very kindly sent for her to come over and live with him. The rest of the world was almost a sealed book to her, but she talked a great deal of the Minories, the Poultry, the Old Jewry, Cheapside, Long Acre, Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, and other streets and places with equally expressive names, in most of which she had friends or acquaintances located.

The majority of the male passengers were pleasant and companionable—and we thought we had seen them all in the course of the first three days—but on the fourth, we heard the captain say to one of the waiters, "Juba, ask that gentleman if I shall have the pleasure of taking wine with him." My eyes now involuntarily followed the direction of Juba's movements, feeling some curiosity to know who "that gentleman" was, as I now recollected having frequently heard the epithet within the last few days. For instance, when almost every one was confined by seasickness to their state-rooms, I had seen the captain despatch a servant to enquire of that gentleman if he would have anything sent to him from the table. Also, I had heard Hamilton, the steward, call out—"There boys, don't you hear that gentleman ring his bell—why don't you go spontaneously—jump, one of you, to number eleventeen." I was puzzled for a moment to divine which state-room bore the designation of eleventeen, but concluded it to be one of the many unmeaning terms that characterize the phraseology of our colored people. Once or twice, I wondered who that gentleman could be; but something else happened immediately to divert my attention.

Now when I heard Captain Santlow propose taking wine with him, I concluded that, of course, that gentleman must be visible in propria persona, and casting my eyes towards the lower end of the table, I perceived a genteel looking man whom I had not seen before. He was apparently of no particular age, and there was nothing in his face that could lead any one to guess at his country. He might have been English, Scotch, Irish or American; but he had none of the characteristic marks of either nation. He filled his glass, and bowing his head to Captain Santlow, who congratulated him on his recovery, he swallowed his wine in silence. There was an animated conversation going on near the head of the table, between Miss Audley and two of her beaux, and we thought no more of him.

At the close of the dessert, we happened to know that he had quitted the table and gone on deck, by one of the waiters coming down, and requesting Mr. Overslaugh (who was sitting still, while discussing his walnuts, with his chair balanced on one leg, and his head leaning against the wainscot) to let him pass for a moment, while he went into No. eleventeen for that gentleman's over-coat. I now found that the servants had converted No. 13 into eleventeen. Bye the bye, that gentleman had a state-room all to himself, sometimes occupying the upper and sometimes the under berth.

"Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "allow me to ask you the name of that gentleman."

"Oh! I don't know," replied the captain, trying to suppress a smile, "at least I have forgotten it—some English name; for he is an Englishman—he came on board at Plymouth, and his indisposition commenced immediately. Mrs. Cummings, shall I have the pleasure of peeling an orange for you?"

I now recollected a little incident which had set me laughing soon after we left Plymouth, and when we were beating down the coast of Devonshire. I had been trying to write at the table in the Ladies' Cabin, but it was one of those days when

"Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea."

And all I could do was to take refuge in my berth, and endeavour to read, leaving the door open for light and air. My attention, however, was continually withdrawn from my book by the sound of something that was dislodged from its place, sliding or falling, and frequently suffering destruction, though sometimes miraculously escaping unhurt.

While I was watching the progress of two pitchers that had been tossed out of the washing-stand; and after deluging the floor with water, had met in the Ladies' Cabin, and were rolling amicably side by side, without happening to break each other, I saw a barrel of flour start from the steward's pantry, and running across the dining-room, stop at a gentleman that lay extended in a lower berth, with his room door open, and pour out its contents upon him, completely enveloping him in a fog of meal. I heard the steward, who was busily engaged in mopping up the water that had flowed from the pitchers, call out "Run boys, run, that gentleman's smothering up in flour—go take the barrel off him—jump, I tell you."

How that gentleman acted while hidden in the cloud of flour, I could not perceive, and immediately the closing of the folding doors shut out the scene.

For a few days after he appeared among us, there was some speculation with regard to this nameless stranger, whose taciturnity seemed his chief characteristic. One morning while we were looking at the gambols of a shoal of porpoises that were tumbling through the waves, and sometimes leaping out of the water, my husband made some remark on the clumsy antics of this unsightly fish, addressing himself, for the first time, to the unknown gentleman, who happened to be standing near him. That gentleman smiled affably, but made no reply. Mr. Fenton pursued the subject—and that gentleman smiled still more affably, and walked away.

Nevertheless, he was neither deaf nor dumb, nor melancholy, but had only "a great talent for silence," and as it is usually the case with persons whose genius lies that way, he was soon left entirely to himself, no one thinking it worth while to take the trouble of extracting words from him. In truth, he was so impracticable, and at the same time so evidently insignificant, and so totally uninteresting, that his fellow passengers tacitly conveyed him to Coventry, and in Coventry he seemed perfectly satisfied to dwell. Once or twice Captain Santlow was asked again if he recollected the name of that gentleman; but he always replied with a sort of smile, "I cannot say I do—not exactly, at least—but I'll look at my manifest and see"—and he never failed to turn the conversation to something else.

The only person that persisted in occasionally talking to that gentleman, was old Mrs. Cummings; and she confided to him her perpetual alarms at "the perils of the sea," considering him a good hearer, as he never made any reply, and was always disengaged and sitting and standing about, apparently at leisure, while the other gentlemen were engaged in reading, writing, playing chess, walking the deck, &c.

Whenever the ship was struck by a heavy sea, and after quivering with the shock, remained motionless for a moment before she recovered herself and rolled the other way, poor Mrs. Cummings supposed that we had run against a rock, and could not be convinced that rocks were not distributed every where about the open ocean. And as that gentleman never attempted to undeceive her on this or any other subject, but merely listened with a placid smile, she believed that he always thought precisely as she did. She not unfrequently discussed to him, in an under tone, the obstinacy and incivility of the captain, who she averred, with truth, had never in any one instance had the politeness to stop the ship, often as she had requested, nay implored him to do so, even when she was suffering with sea-sickness and actually tossed out of her berth by the violence of the storm, though she was holding on with both hands.

One day, while we were all three sitting in the round-house, (that very pleasant little saloon on the upper deck, at the head of the cabin-staircase) my attention was diverted from my book by hearing Mrs. Cummings say to that gentleman, "Pray sir, can you tell me what is the matter with that poor man's head? I mean the man that has to stand always at the wheel there, holding it fast and turning it. I hear the captain call out to him every now and then, (and in a very rough voice too, sometimes) 'How is your head?' and 'How is your head now?' I cannot understand what the man says in answer, so I suppose he speaks American; but the captain often tells him 'to keep it steady.' And once I heard the captain call out 'Port—port,' which I was very glad of, concluding that the poor fellow had nearly given out, and he was ordering a glass of port wine to revive him. Do you think, sir, that the poor man at the wheel has a constant headache like my friend Mrs. Dawlish, of Leadenhall street, or that he has hurt his head somehow, by falling out of the sails, or tumbling down the rope-ladders—(there now—we've struck a rock!—mercy on us—what a life we lead! I wish I was on Ludgate Hill.) Talking of hurts, I have not escaped them myself, for I've had my falls; and yet the captain is so rude as to turn a deaf ear, and keeps sailing on all the same, even when the breath is nearly knocked out of me, and though I've offered several times to pay him for stopping, but he only laughs at me. By the bye, when I go back again to dear old England, and I'm sorry enough that I ever left it (as Mr. Stackhouse, the great corn-chandler, in Whitechapel, told me I certainly should be) I'll see and take my passage with a captain that has more feeling for the ladies. As for this one, he never lets the ship rest a minute, but keeps forcing her on day and night. I doubt whether she'll last the voyage out, with all this wear and tear—and then if she should give in, what's to become of us all? If he would only let her stand still while we are at table, that we might eat our dinners in peace!—though it's seldom I'm well enough to eat anything to speak of—I often make my whole dinner of the leg and wing of a goose, and a slice or two of plumb pudding; but there's no comfort in eating, when we are one minute thrown forward with our heads bowing down to the very table cloth, and the next minute flung back with them knocking against the wall."

"There was the other day at breakfast you know, we had all the cabin windows shut up at eight o'clock in the morning, which they called putting in the dead-lights. I cannot see why shutters should be called so. It was so dark that we had to breakfast with lamps. There must have been some strange mismanagement, or we need not have been put to all that inconvenience; and then when the ship almost fell over, they let a great flood of sea come pouring down among us, sweeping the plates off the table, and washing the very cups out of our hands, and filling our mouths with salt water, and ruining our dresses. I wonder what my friend Mrs. Danks, of Crutched Friars, would say if she had all this to go through—she that is so afraid of the water, that she won't go over London Bridge for fear it should break down with her, and therefore visits nobody that lives in the Borough—there now—a rock again! I wish I was in St. Paul's Church Yard! Dear me!—what will become of us?"

"Upon my word I can't tell," said that gentleman, as he rose and walked out on deck.

I then endeavoured to set the old lady right, by explaining to her that the business of the man at the wheel was to steer the vessel, and that he was not always the same person, the helmsman being changed at regular periods. I also made her understand that the captain only meant to ask him in what direction was the head of the ship—and that "port—port," signified that he should put up the helm to the larboard or left side.

I could not forbear repeating to Captain Santlow the ludicrous mistake of Mrs. Cummings, and her unfounded sympathy for the man at the wheel. He laughed, and said it reminded him of a story he had heard concerning an old Irish woman, a steerage passenger, that early in the morning after a stormy night, was found by the mate, cautiously creeping along the deck, and looking round at every step, with a bottle of whiskey half concealed under her apron. On the mate asking her what she was going to do with the whiskey, she replied, "I'm a looking for that craitur Bill Lay, that ye were all calling upon the whole night long, and not giving him a minute to rest himself. I lay in my bed and I heard ye tramping and shouting over head!—'twas nothing but Bill Lay* here, and Bill Lay there, and Bill Lay this, and Bill Lay that—and a weary time he's had of it—for it was yourselves that could do nothing without him, great shame to ye. And I thought I'd try and find him out, the sowl, and bring him a drop of comfort, for it's himself that nades it."

Mrs. Cummings's compassion for the helmsman was changed into a somewhat different feeling a few days after. The captain and Mr. Fenton were sitting near the wheel earnestly engaged in a game of chess. The wind had been directly a-head for the last twenty-four hours, and several of the passengers were pacing the deck, and looking alternately at the sails and the dog-vane—suddenly there was an exclamation from one of them, of "Captain—captain—the wind has changed—it has just gone about." Captain Santlow started up, and perceived that the little flag was apparently blowing in another direction; but on looking at the compass, he discovered the truth—it was now found that the steersman, who happened to understand chess, was so interested with the game which was playing immediately before him, that he had for a moment forgotten his duty, and inadvertantly allowed the head of the ship to fall off half a dozen points from the wind.

This was the only time during our voyage that we saw Captain Santlow lose his temper. He was much incensed at the helmsman, and would have punished him by stopping his allowance of grog; but Mr. Fenton (having a sympathetic feeling for any one that could forget everything else while looking at a game of chess) soon succeeded in obtaining a pardon for the poor fellow.

This little incident afforded an additional excitement to the ever ready fears of Mrs. Cummings, who now took it into her head that if (as she phrased it) the wheel was turned the wrong way, it would overset the ship. Upon finding that the delinquent was an American, she opined that there could be no safety in a vessel where the sailors understood chess. And whenever we had a fresh breeze (such as she always persisted in calling a violent storm) she was very importunate with the captain not to allow the chess-man to take the wheel.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Cummings, "I am sure there is no such thing in his Majesty's ships, as sailors knowing chess or any of those hard things that are enough to set one crazy to think of—in my own dear country, people are saving of their wits. But you Americans always know more of every thing than you ought to. I don't wonder so few of you look plump and ruddy. You all wear yourselves out with head work. Your eyes are not half so big as ours, for they are fairly sunk in your heads with thinking and contriving. To be sure, at our house in the Minories we always kept a pack of cards in the parlour closet. But we never played any but very easy games, for it was not our way to make a toil of a pleasure. (Mercy on me!—what a rock!—I wish I was at the Back of St. Clements!)—How I have seen the Potheridge family in Throgmorton street, ponder and study over a game of whist as if their lives depended on every card. I had to play whist whenever I drank tea there, for they were never satisfied unless they were at it every night; and I hated it because I always happened to get old Miss Nancy for a partner, and she was so sharp and so cross, and was continually finding fault with me for something she called reneging. Whenever I gave out that I was one by honours, she always said it was no such thing; and she downright scolded, when after she had played an ace I played a king; or when she had trumped first, and I made all sure by trumping too. Now what I say is this—a trick can't be too well taken. But I'm not for whist—give me a good easy game, where you can't go wrong, such as I've been used to all my life; though, no doubt, when I get to America, I shall find my son Jacky playing chess and whist, and despising Beggar my neighbour."

In less than a fortnight after we had left the British Channel we were off the Banks of Newfoundland; and, as is frequently the case in their vicinity, we met with cold foggy weather. It cleared a little, about seven in the morning, and we then discovered no less than three ice-bergs to leeward. One of them, whose distance from us was perhaps a mile, appeared higher than the main-mast head, and as the top shot up into a tall column, it looked like a vast rock with a light-house on its pinnacle. As the cold and watery sunbeams glanced fitfully upon it, it exhibited in some places the rainbow tints of a prism—other parts were of a dazzling white, while its sharp angular projections seemed like masses of diamonds glittering upon snow.

The fog soon became so dense that in looking over the side of the ship we could not discern the sea.—Fortunately, it was so calm that we scarcely moved, or the danger of driving on the ice-bergs would have been terrific. We had now no other means of ascertaining our distance from them, but by trying the temperature of the water with a thermometer.

In the afternoon the fog gathered still more thickly round us, and dripped from the rigging, so that the sailors were continually swabbing the deck. I had gone with Mr. Fenton to the round-house, and looked awhile from its windows on the comfortless scene without. The only persons then on the main-deck were the captain and the first mate. They were wrapped in their watch-coats, their hair and whiskers dripping with the fog-dew. Most of the passengers went to bed at an early hour, and soon all was awfully still; Mrs. Cummings being really too much frightened to talk, only that she sometimes wished herself in Shoreditch, and sometimes in Houndsditch. It was a night of real danger. The captain remained on deck till morning, and several of the gentlemen bore him company, being too anxious to remain below.

About day-break, a heavy shower of rain dispersed the fog—"The conscious vessel waked as from a trance"—A breeze sprung up that carried us out of danger from the ice-bergs, which were soon diminished to three specks on the horizon, and the sun rose bright and cheerfully.

Towards noon, the ladies recollected that none of them had seen that gentleman during the last twenty-four hours, and some apprehension was expressed lest he should have walked overboard in the fog. No one could give any account of him, or remember his last appearance; and Miss Audley professed much regret that now in all probability we should never be able to ascertain his name, as, most likely, he had "died and made no sign." To our shames be it spoken, not one of us could cry a tear at his possible fate. The captain had turned into his berth, and was reposing himself after the fatigue of last night; so we could make no enquiry of him on the subject of our missing fellow-passenger.

Mrs. Cummings called the steward, and asked him how long it was since he had seen any thing of that gentleman. "I really can't tell, madam"—replied Hamilton—"I can't pretend to charge my memory with such things. But I conclude he must have been seen yesterday—at least, I rather expect he was."

The waiter Juba was now appealed to, "I believe, madam," said Juba—"I remember something of handing that gentleman the bread-basket yesterday at dinner—but I would not be qualified as to whether the thing took place or not, my mind being a good deal engaged at the time."

Solomon, the third waiter, disclaimed all positive knowledge of this or any other fact, but sagely remarked, "that it was very likely that gentleman had been about all day yesterday as usual; yet still it was just as likely he might not; and there was only one thing certain, which was, that if he was not no-where, he must, of course, be somewhere."

"I have a misgiving," said Mrs Cummings, "that he will never be found again."

"I'll tell you what I can do madam," exclaimed the steward, looking as if suddenly struck with a bright thought—"I can examine into No. eleventeen, and see if I can perceive him there." And softly opening the door of the state-room in question, he stepped back and said with a triumphant flourish of his hand," "There he is, ladies, there he is in the upper berth fast asleep in his double cashmere dressing gown. I opinionate that he was one of the gentlemen that stayed on deck all night, because they were afraid to go to sleep on account of the ice bergers—Of course nobody noticed him—but there he is now, safe enough."

Instantly we proceeded *en masse* towards No. eleventeen to convince ourselves: and there indeed we saw that gentleman lying asleep in his double cashmere dressing gown. He opened his eyes, and seemed, and all the servants ranged [illegible] the ladies room, and gazing in at him: and then we all stole off, looking foolish enough.

"Well," said Mrs. Cummings, "he is not dead, however,—so, we have yet a chance of knowing his name from himself, if we chuse to ask him. But I'm determined I'll make the captain tell it me, as soon he gets up. It's all nonsense, this making a secret of a man's name."

"I suspect," said Mr. Fenton, who had just then entered the cabin,—"we shall find it

'——a name unpronounceable,
Which nobody can speak and nobody can spell.'"

"I never," observed Mrs. Cummings, "knew but one name that could neither be spoke nor spelt—and that was the great General's, that was so often in the papers at the time people were talking about the Poles."

"Scrynecki!" said Mr. Fenton.

"Oh! I don't know how you call him," replied Mrs. Cummings—"but Mr. Upshaw of Great Knight Rider street, said it was 'Screw him sky high.'" And Dr. Mangleman of Cat-eaton street, (who was always to me a very disagreeable person, because he always talked of disagreeable things) said it was "Squeeze neck and eyes out." A very unpleasant man was Dr. Mangleman. His talk was enough to make well people sick, and sick people sicker—I'm glad he's not on board of ship with us. He told us one day at Mrs. Winceby's dinner-table, when some of us were eating calves head, and some roast pig, about his dissecting a man that was hanged, and how he took his knife and—"

"I really believe," said I, wishing to be spared the story, "that we have actually struck a rock, this time."

"There now," exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, "you see I am right, after all. If it is not a rock it is one of those great hills of ice that has turned about and is coming right after us—Mercy on us! I wish I was in Middle Row, Holborn! Let us go on deck, and see."

We went on deck, and saw a whale, which was spouting at a distance. While looking at it, we were joined by Captain Santlow, and the conversation turning entirely on whales, that gentleman and his name were again forgotten.

Among the numerous steerage passengers was a young man whose profession was that of a methodist preacher. Having succeeded in making some religious impressions on the majority of his companions, he one Sunday obtained their consent to his performing divine service that evening in the steerage: and respectfully intimated that he would be highly gratified by the attendance of any of the cabin passengers that would condescend to honour him so far. Accordingly, after tea, most of us descended to the steerage at early candle-light, and found every thing prepared for the occasion. A barrel, its head covered with a piece of sail-cloth, served as a desk, lighted by two yellowish dip candles placed in empty porter bottles. But as there was considerable motion, it was found that the bottles would not rest in their stations; therefore, they were held by two boys. The chests and boxes nearest to the desk, were the seats allotted to the ladies and gentlemen: and the steerage people ranged themselves behind.

A hymn was sung to a popular tune. The prayer and sermon were delivered in simple but impressive language, for the preacher, though a poor and illiterate man was not deficient either in sense or feeling and was evidently imbued with the most sincere piety. There was something solemn and affecting in the aspect of the whole scene with all its rude arrangements, and also in the idea of the lonely and insulated situation of our little community with "one wide water all around us." And when the preacher in his homely but fervent language, returned thanks for our hitherto prosperous voyage, and prayed for our speedy and safe arrival at our destined port, tears stood in the eyes of many of his auditors. I thought, when it was over, how frequently such scenes must have occurred between the decks of the May-flower, during the long and tempestuous passage of that pilgrim band who finally

"moored their bark
On the wild New England shore,"—

and how often

Amid the storm they sung,
And the stars heard and the sea—

when the wise and pious Brewster lifted his voice in exhortation and prayer, and the virtuous Carver, and the gallant Standish, bowed their heads in devotion before him.

Another of the steerage passengers was a lieutenant in the British army, a man about forty years old, of excellent education, polished manners and a fine military deportment. He was accompanied by his family, and they excited much sympathy among the ladies and gentlemen of the cabin. He had a wife, a handsome, modest, and intelligent looking woman, and five very pretty children, three boys and two girls. Being reduced to half-pay, seeing no chance of promotion, and weary of living on "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," Lieutenant Lynford had resolved to emigrate, and settle on a grant of land accorded to him in Canada in consequence of his having been in service there during our last war. He believed that the new world would offer better prospects to his children, and that he could there support his family at less expense than in Europe. Unable to afford the cost of their passage in the cabin, he was under the painful necessity of bringing them over in the steerage, amidst all its unimaginable and revolting inconveniences.

It was impossible to regard this unfortunate and misplaced family without emotions of deep interest and sincere commiseration; they were so evidently out of their proper sphere, and it must have been so painful to the feelings of a gentleman and lady to live in almost immediate contact with the coarse and vulgar tenants of that crowded and comfortless part of the vessel.

Mr. Fenton, and others of the gentlemen, took great pleasure in conversing with Lieutenant Lynford; though, according to rule, the poor officer, was not permitted, as a steerage passenger, to come aft the mainmast. Therefore, their conversations had to take place at the extreme limits of the boundary line, which the lieutenant was scrupulous to never over stepping.

His wife, a lady both in appearance and manner, was seldom seen on deck, except when her husband prevailed on her to come up with him to look at something that made a spectacle or an event in the monotony of our usual sea-view. We understood that they had surrounded the narrow space allotted to their beds, with a sort of partition, made by suspending a screen of quilts and blankets, so as to interpose a slight barrier between themselves and the disgusting scenes, and frequently disgusting people with whom it was their hard fate to be associated during the voyage; and whose jealousy and ill will would have been immediately excited by any attempt on the part of the captain or the cabin-passengers, to alleviate the discomforts to which the unfortunate Lynfords were subjected.

The regulation that no light shall be allowed in the steerage, except on some extraordinary occasion, (and which originates in the danger of the ship being carelessly set on fire) must have been an almost intolerable grievance to Lieutenant Lynford and his wife and children. I often thought of them, while we were spending our evenings so agreeably in various amusements and occupations round the cabin tables, brightly illuminated by the elegant lamps that were suspended from the ceilings. I felt how long and how dismally their evenings must have passed, capable as they were in mind, in taste, and in education of the same enjoyments as ourselves; but now suffering in so many privations from the pressure of that penury which they had not deserved, and could not escape from.

After crossing the Banks we seemed to feel ourselves on American ground, or rather on American sea. As our interest increased on approaching the land of our destination, that gentleman was proportionately overlooked and forgotten. He "kept the even tenor of his way," and we had become scarcely conscious that he was still among us; till one day when there was rather a hard gale and the waves were running high, we were startled, as we surrounded the luncheon table, by a tremendous noise on the cabin staircase, and the sudden bursting open of the door at its foot. We all looked up, and saw that gentleman falling down stairs, with both arms extended, as he held in one hand a tall cane stool, and in the other the captain's barometer, which had hung just within the upper door, he having involuntarily caught hold of both these articles, with a view of saving himself. While his head, as he tumbled went nickety nock, his countenance, for once, assumed a new expression, and the change from its usual unvarying sameness, was so striking, that, combined with his ludicrous attitude, it set us all to laughing. The waiters ran forward and assisted him to rise; and it was then found that the stool and the barometer had been the greatest sufferers; one having lost a leg, and the other being so shattered that the stair-carpet was covered with globules of quicksilver. However, he retired to his state-room, and whether or not he was seen again before next morning, I cannot positively undertake to say.

On the edge of the Gulf Stream we had a day of entire calm, when "there was not a breath the blue wave to curl." A thin veil of haziness somewhat softened the fires of the American sun, (as it was now called by the European passengers) and we passed the whole day on deck, in a delightful state of idle enjoyment; gazing on the inhabitants of the deep, that like ourselves, seemed to be taking a holiday. Dolphins, horse-mackerel, and porpoises were sporting round the vessel, and the flying fish "with brine still dropping from its wings," was darting up into the sun-light: while flocks of petrels, their black plumage tinged with flame color, seemed to rest on the surface of the water: and the nautilus "the native pilot of his little bark," glided gaily along the dimpling mirror that reflected his tiny oars and gauzy sail. We fished up large clusters of sea-weed, among which were some beautiful specimens of a delicate purple colour, which when viewed through a microscope, glittered like silver, and were covered with little shell fish so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye.

It was a lovely day. The lieutenant and his family were all on deck, and looked happy. That gentleman [illegible] a breeze sprung [illegible] been clinging idly to the masts; and before midnight we were wafted along at the rate of nine knots an hour, "while round the waves phosphoric brightness broke" the ship seeming, as she cleaved the foam, to draw after her in her wake a long train of stars.

Next day we continued to proceed rapidly, with a fair wind, which we knew would soon bring us to the end of our voyage. The ladies' cabin was now littered with trunks and boxes, brought from the baggage room, that we might select from them such articles as we thought we should require when we went on shore.

We remained on deck the whole evening, believing it probably the last we should all spend together; and the close companionship of four weeks in the very circumscribed limits of a ship, had made us seem like one family. When I saw the white wings of a flight of curlews glancing against the bright crimson glories of the sun-set sky, I could not help saying—"those birds will reach their nests this evening, and their nests are in America."

We talked of the morrow, and I forgot that that gentleman was among us, till I saw him leave the deck to retire for the night. The thought then struck me, that another day, and we should cease perhaps to remember his existence.

I went to bed with the understanding that indications of land would be discovered before morning, and I found it impossible to sleep. Mr. Fenton went on deck about midnight, and remained there till daylight. What American, when returning to his native country, and almost in view of its shores, can fail to think of the memorable night when Columbus and his impatient companions watched in breathless silence for the first glimpse of the long hoped for land—that memorable night which gave a new impulse to both worlds.

About one o'clock, I heard a voice announcing the light on the highlands of Neversink, and in a short time all the gentlemen were on deck. At day-break Mr. Fenton came to ask me if I would rise and see the morning dawn upon our own country. We had taken a pilot on board at two o'clock, had a fine fair breeze to carry us into the bay of New York, and there was every probability of our being on shore in a few hours. When I reached the deck, tears came into my eyes as I leaned on my husband's arm, and saw the light of Sandy Hook shining brilliantly in the dimness of the closing night, and emulating the morning star as it sparkled above the rosy streak that was brightening in the eastern horizon. We gazed till the sun rose in unclouded majesty behind, while

"Old ocean kindled at the ray
And heaved himself on high—"

and our native shore lay clear and distinct before us.

Soon after sun-rise we were visited by a news boat, when there was an exchange of papers, and much to enquire, and much to tell.

We were going rapidly through the Narrows, when the bell rung for breakfast, which Captain Santlow had ordered at an early hour, as we had all been up before day-light. Chancing to look towards his accustomed seat, I missed that gentleman, and inquired after him of the captain—"Oh!" he replied, "that gentleman went on shore in the news boat; did you not see him depart? He bowed all round, before he went over the side."

"No," was the general reply, "we did not see him go." In truth we had all been too much interested in hearing, reading, and talking of the news brought by the boat.

"Then he is gone for ever," exclaimed Mrs. Cummings—"and we shall never know his name."

"Come, Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "try to recollect it—'Let it not,' as Grumio says, 'die in oblivion, while we return to our graves inexperienced in it.'"

Captain Santlow smiled, and remained silent. "Now captain" said Miss Audley, "I will not quit the ship till you tell me that gentleman's name—I cannot hold out a greater threat to you, as I know you have had a weary time of it since I have been under your charge. Come, I set not my foot on shore till I know the name of that gentleman, and also why you cannot refrain from smiling whenever you are asked about it."

"Well then" replied Captain Santlow, "though his name is a very pretty one when you get it said, there is a little awkwardness in speaking it. So I thought I would save myself and my passengers the trouble. And partly for that reason, and partly to tease you a little, I have withheld it from your knowledge during the voyage. But I can assure you he is a baronet."

"A baronet," cried Miss Audley—"I wish I had known that before, I should certainly have made a dead set at him. A baronet would have been far better worth the trouble of a flirtation, than you Mr. Williams, or you Mr. Sutton, or you Mr. Belfield, or any of the other gentlemen that I have been amusing myself with during the voyage."

"A baronet!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummings: "well really, and have I been for four weeks in the same ship with a baronet—and sitting at the same table with him—and often talking to him face to face—I wonder what Mrs. Thimbleby of Threadneedle street would say if she knew that I am now acquainted with a baronet."

"But what is his name, captain,"—said Mr. Fenton, "still you do not tell us."

"His name," answered the captain "is Sir St. John St. Leger."

"Sir St. John St. Leger!" was repeated by each of the company.

"Yes" resumed Captain Santlow—"and [illegible] how difficult it is to say it [illegible]. There is [illegible] in it than in any name I know—Was I not right in keeping it from you till the voyage was over, and thus sparing you the trouble of pronouncing it, and myself the annoyance of hearing it. See, here it is in writing."

The captain then took his manifest out of his pocket book, and showed us the words, "Sir St. John St. Leger, of Sevenoaks, Kent."

"Pho!" said Mrs. Cummings. "Where's the trouble in speaking that name, if you only know the right way. I have heard it a hundred times—and seen it in the newspapers. This must be the very gentleman that my cousin George's wife is always talking about. She has a brother that lives near his house, a topping apothecary. Why, 'tis easy enough to say his name, if you say it as we do in England."

"And how is that?" asked the captain, "What can you make of Sir St. John St. Leger?"

"Why, Sir Sinjen Sillinger, to be sure," replied Mrs. Cummings—"I am confident he would have answered to that name. Sir Sinjen Sillinger of Sennock—cousin George's wife's brother lives close by Sennock in a yellow house with a red door."

"And have I," said the captain [illegible] "carefully kept his name to myself, during the whole passage, for fear we should have had to call him Sir St. John St. Leger, when all the while we might have said Sir Singeon Sillinger."

"To be sure you might," replied Mrs. Cummings, looking proud of the opportunity of displaying her superior knowledge of something. "With all your striving after sense, you Americans are a very [illegible] people, particularly of the right way of speaking [illegible]. Since I have been on board, I have heard you all say the [illegible] I thought there would be no use in trying to set you right. The other day there was Mr. Williams talking of the church of St. Mary le bon—instead of saying Marrow bone. Then Mr. Belfield says, Lord Cholmondeley, instead of Lord Chumley, and Colonel Stanley instead of Colonel Stanly; and Mr. Sutton says Lady Brougham instead of Lady Broohom; and you all say Birmingham, instead of Brummagem. The truth is, you know nothing about English names. Now that name, Trollope, that you all sneer at so much, and think so very low, why Trollope is quite genteel in England, and so is Hussey. The Trollopes and Husseys belong to great families. But I have no doubt of finding many things that are very elegant in England, counted quite vulgar in America, owing to the ignorance of your people. For my part I was particularly brought up to despise all manner of ignorance."

In a short time a steam boat came along side into which we removed ourselves, accompanied by the captain and the letter bags; and we proceeded up to the city, where Mr. Fenton and myself were met on the wharf, I need not tell how, and by whom.

Captain Santlow informed us during our little trip in the boat, that soon after breakfast, the steward had brought him a letter which he had just found on the pillow in that gentleman's berth. It was directed to Lieutenant Lynford. The captain immediately went forward and presented it to him, and the poor officer was so overcome after opening it, that he could not forbear making known to Captain Santlow that it contained a draft for five hundred dollars on a house in New York, and a few lines signed St. John St. Leger, requesting Lieutenant Lynford to oblige the writer by making use of that sum to assist in settling his family in Canada.

We were now all warm in our praises of that gentleman's generosity. And Mrs. Cummings recollected that she had heard from her cousin George's wife that her brother of Sennock often said that, though he never spoke if he could help it, nobody did kinder things in his own quiet way than Sir Singeon Sillinger.

* This implied compliment to our vessels and seamen was really made by a British sailor, in a similar conversation with an American gentleman.

* Belay—a sea-term, signifying to secure or make fast a rope.

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## WOMAN'S HEART.

If I were asked what most my soul doth prize
Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,
Whether from Fortune or from Fame they flow,
My answer would be thus. Nor wealth, which flies
Away from those who hold it in esteem,
Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give;
Those with their donor changing, die or live.
Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,
For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom
Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,
Leave me but this, like an unsullied name
Which wears for aye the self-same hue and bloom—
Need I the secret of my soul impart?
Be witness ye that love, 'tis woman's heart.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

## A FRAGMENT.

BY MARY EMILY JACKSON.

"[illegible]
There is no union here of hearts,
That hath not here an end."

"How beautiful," exclaimed a friend at my side, and she leaned heavier on my arm as she spoke—"How beautiful is the broad glittering surface of yon glassy lake as the moon beams are dancing upon its silent waters!"

It was indeed a holy time: the broad blue archery of Heaven bent over the shining earth like some enchanting dream; the full moon was riding through the azure firmament in her proudest triumph, and the stars, that innumerable and incalculable host of worlds, shed down their additional rays of light upon the slumbering waves. It was the time when all lovers meet; even the forest birds seek their resting places among the green branches with their loved ones by their side to slumber the night away, all, save the watchful owl, whose shrill hootings were borne from the dim distance upon the whispering night-winds—We stood by the lake side, and I thought I had never before seen it look half so lovely. Not a breeze curled its silver waves, not a speck dimmed the glorious splendour of its broad expanse, save the shadows of the old oak trees as they played over the moon-light waters. Every breath was laden with perfume; the wild rose and jessamine were mingling their various sweets; wild flowers were even kissing our feet, and then bent by some gentle visitation of the evening air dipping their purple heads beneath the wave.

I have been there a thousand times to watch the clear blue heavens, the silver moon and the glittering stars, as they sparkled in their own bright homes; I have left the hall of gaiety where the loved and happy meet, and have stolen alone to this favourite spot, to listen to the sweet strains of gentle music that come with the midnight winds.

But I had now come forth, leaning upon the arm of a friend, to breathe my griefs to the unheeding winds, and to shed the bitter tears that were coursing each other from my eyes. Oh how sweet are tears when they bring relief to an aching heart, when they drown in their crystal waters the sorrows that spring up in the bosom for those we are bewailing! But mine was not a grief to be drowned by tears. All the troubled emotions of my soul, all the hidden miseries which I had nurtured from infancy—for I have ever been the child of sorrow—came rushing upon me like the cold chilling waters of some mighty stream. The beauties which nature had spread around me, bore no harmony with my agitated feelings, yet I felt that the earth was lovely, though the cup which fate had assigned me was drugged with a bitter draught of gall. I was losing a friend, and with that friend the hopes of my future years. It was that gentle being who strove with all a sisters affections to guide my erring footsteps; who was my guardian, my friend and associate; who in sorrow consoled me, and in joy smiled at my relief. She was all I had ever dreamed of loving, and death was fast calling her to be his own.

I could bear these harrowing reflections no longer; I rushed from the place where I was standing and sought once more her couch of death. I heard her calling on my name, ere I had reached the threshold of her apartment with a voice like that of angels, and she stretched out her trembling and wasted hand as I entered. The cold sweat had gathered upon her brow and her lips were quivering with the agonies of the dying. "Eliza," said she, "I must leave you, but my home will be in heaven and you meet me there.—Bright ones are gathering around me, to attend me home. I would live but for your sake, and—" The sentence died unfinished upon her lips. She was dead. The last dim light from her eyes had passed away and she had winged her flight to a world of spirits, where none but the blest may meet. Death had torn her from one; that restless wanderer, who is ever robbing us of our sweetest and dearest friends, and blighting our first hopes and our long cherished affections.—They laid her in the silent grave; where the weak and the mighty, the rich and the mendicant, lie down to mingle with the earth, and are alike forgotten; and oh, how I longed to rest by my sister's side.—Sweet spirit of the departed, I have often thought she was with me, with her sweet voice and her approving smile; but it was only a dream of happiness, from which I awoke to mourn and weep.

I have sought again and again the lake side where I first poured out my grief at her departure, but its sunny surface looks not half as beautiful, as it did upon that night of sorrow. The stars shine not half so brightly, the midnight moon beams are obscured by clouds, and its waters are angry and disturbed, as though there had come a change, an awful change, upon its quiet slumbers. And oh, how often have I knelt upon the sacred earth that covers the last remains of my sister. The moon beams rest drearily upon it, yet I love to gaze myself into forgetfulness at the little mound that holds her slumbering dust.—Silence, mysterious and holy, broods over the quiet spot, and memory with her ten thousand visions, brings back to the tablet of my heart the scenes of other days. Though her home is dark and comfortless, yet the chill waves of misfortune can never reach her slumber. She is freed from the bitterness of envy and hate, from the cares and troubles of life, and the scorn of an unfeeling world can never reach her with its withering influence. Many a bright sun hath gone down, since the earth was opened to receive her, yet the memory of my departed sister, is linked with all that is within this heart, that may be called happiness.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, June 6.

[illegible] published weekly at No. [illegible] Carter's Alley, Philadelphia [illegible]

### To Readers and Correspondents.

Susan will receive attention.

We approve, most cordially, the truly national and patriotic sentiments in the article entitled "Columbia's Curse," signed Mary; but regret that the writer has shown want and then discretion in the construction of her lines. There is too much servility among Americans in respect to the literature of England, and our opinion at every endeavour to throw it off. Writers, however, in speaking of this subject, should be very careful that their own language and thoughts do no discredit to the cause they advocate.

The Address on Female Education, by W. B. W. will be published.

"X." "H. M. D." and "Juvenis," we respectfully decline.

☞ In the article signed Susan, published in our last paper, several errors occurred, which, in justice to the writer, we would point out, were we not convinced that they are errors which the intelligent reader will readily discover and correct for himself. Entire accuracy in these matters seems to be quite impossible, for we are very strenuous in our exertions to do full justice to all our correspondents.

Mr. Mills made a successful ascension in a balloon, from Lancaster, on the afternoon of Saturday last.—He landed in York county, about sixteen miles from the place of starting.

The election of Brigadier General, on Monday last, occasioned a spirited excitement among the volunteers and militia of this city. Major Fritz was elected, it is stated, by a small majority.

The editor of the Gettysburg Wreath offers premiums for the best original tale, and the best original poem, that may be sent to him on or before the first day of July next; the premiums to consist of volumes of literary works.

Our readers will observe in another column, advertisements of Summer Boarding, in the pleasant and healthy village of West Chester. A pleasant ride of a few hours on the Rail Road, (which now extends to West Chester, and will shortly pass through it to Port Deposit) carries you near to Mr. Everhart's very handsome new hotel, where families, transient or permanent boarders, will meet with very agreeable accommodations, and the hospitable attentions of a truly courteous Chester County gentleman. These, with the pleasant scenery around, the groves on the banks of the Brandywine, and a rich and highly cultivated country, make a short release from the business of the city, a desirable recreation.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Bicknell's Counterfeit Detector, for June, has just been published in pamphlet form. This is a very useful publication to all persons in the habit of handling bank-bills.

Japhet in Search of a Father.—Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published the first volume of a new work under this title, by Captain Maryatt, author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. It is fully equal in interest to either of the writer's previous works, and ably sustains his reputation as an author of superior merit. The simplicity of style, novelty of incident, and well-digested plot, will render it an unusually popular work.

The Italian Sketch Book, of which we spoke last week, has just appeared from the press of Key & Biddle. A further acquaintance with its pages, confirms our favourable impression of the author's talents, and we cordially recommend the work as one which will afford every reader an agreeable intellectual entertainment. The Sketch Book is comprised in a neat 12mo. of 216 pages.

Chances and Changes—two vols.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—We find a copy of this work upon our table, and have found time to cast a cursory glance, agreeably diversified with sketches of English scenery, the social domestic enjoyments of life, and a peep at the world of fashion. The hasty nature of our perusal will not permit us to say more of it, although we doubt not that its general tenor is agreeable. It is a republication from the London edition.

Voyage of the Potomac.—Mr. Reynolds' journal of a voyage in the frigate Potomac, during the circumnavigation of the globe in the years 1831—34, has just been published, in a handsome octavo, by Harper & Brothers, New York. It is embellished with several engravings, among which are—a view of the action at Quallah Battoo, between the crew of the Potomac and the Malays, and a view of Lima, before its destruction by the great earthquake of 1746. A particular account of the action with the Malays is given, with all the official documents on the subject.

This work, embracing as it does the observations of an intelligent American, on the habits, dispositions, and institutions of many nations with whom we are not familiar—sketches of various countries—and the incidents which a traveller invariably meets—will naturally possess strong attractions for the general reader. It is a delightful volume, and one that cannot fail to repay, in agreeable entertainment and useful information, the time and attention necessary for a perusal.

We shall refer to the work again.

Blackbeard—A Page from the Colonial History of Philadelphia.—From the perusal of the amusing volumes bearing the above title, we have derived much pleasure. Much matter of fact, connected with the early history of our city, is ingeniously blended with fictitious incidents, and pourtrayed with irresistible humor. The author, whoever he is, (and we note that several speculations on the subject have been started by our contemporaries) has made himself master of many events which will be found interesting to the reader, especially those relating to Blackbeard, whose atrocities upon the coast, have rendered his career part of the history of our county.—The Episode of Mark Scheveling forms an agreeable relief from the regular chain of the narrative and will be found to convey much instruction.—Altogether, we view the work as fully equal in interest to any of the publications of the day.

It is from the press of the Harpers, and may be procured at the book store of Mr. Perkins, Chesnut street.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

### AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No. 11.

*Sir Oracle and Squibb conversing—Fustian asleep with the "Two Friends," by Lady Blessington, in his hands.*

*Squibb.* You closed your remarks at our last meeting, Sir Oracle, with a sweeping denunciation of several works that have lately appeared. I think you were too severe.

*Sir Oracle.* Not so; to a candid mind, there is something truly alarming in the rapidity with which works of a certain class are issued forth from the press, having no possible end, save to demoralize the already wavering principles of the community. I repeat the assertion which I then made, that they should be suffered to lumber the shelves of those publishers, who in printing them, are accessory to the destruction of good, sound, moral, and a proper standard of taste, throwing before the minds of the young and giddy, poison of the most dangerous kind, and drawing them by the effects of seductive metaphor, and bombastic verbiage, from studies which would have a beneficial tendency in maturing the judgment and improving the mind.

*Squibb.* Am I to understand you as particularizing, or are you one of that bigoted class who decry works of fiction as injurious to the reader.

*Sir Oracle.* Not in the abstract. My strictures, are confined to a few, I am happy to say, but a few authors, whose ideas of morality being somewhat loose, they feel no wise ashamed to clothe their pages with sentiments which would disgrace a [illegible]—for instance—The Auto Biography of Jack Ketch. Have you perused it?

*Squibb.* [illegible] to do the critics of the [illegible] justice, [illegible] say, that in noticing it, they have [illegible] In these [illegible] we should give an author, who, [illegible] power to excite a laugh, [illegible] forth so [illegible] to draw grim [illegible] Jack Ketch is admirably worked up—a great deal of [illegible] amusing incident, with here and there an [illegible] of satire and sound moral—[illegible] description, and to view it all in all, very amusing.

*Sir Oracle.* Amusing! can you call a work by this title, that is so totally destructive of all moral principles, or give credit to an author whose avowed aim is to exalt a villain into a philosopher, and make a hangman, (not only by profession, but also in the nature he gives his vicious propensities) the chronicler of his own baseness, and an execrable emblem of legal [illegible].

*Squibb.* Yet in all this, there is room for argument—the portraits of villainy are painted with a faithfulness which shows that its reeking of enjoyment, its mental tortures, by surrender to unlawful pleasures; does not this afford a wholesome and important moral?

*Sir Oracle.* Not a wholesome, yet I fear an impressive one. Does it not clearly prove that a thief may be a seer in Newgate; boast of his crimes—laugh at his precarious situation, and affect nonchalance, as to the future, whether that future point to the gallows or Botany Bay! Is not the brute—the vile slave of vice, in its most hideous form, rendered a hero; and the destroyer of innocence—the cold blooded Vampyre, who glues his degraded appetite upon woman's affections—a *man of the world!*—and all this, thrust before a community, which Heaven knows is stocked to repletion with incentives to crime, to be caught at by the changeling, and by him reduced to a[illegible] demonstration; and form systems by which he may cut men's throats according to the logical rules laid down by the authors of *Paul Clifford, Rookwood,* and *Jack Ketch.*

*Squibb.* Nay, nay, Sir Oracle, these surely cannot be your sentiments—they savour strongly of prejudice; and even our sleeping friend there, would decide with me that you are blameable—prone as he is to coincide with you against me, yet I am much mistaken if Fustian—

*Fustian.* (Starting up)—who calls on Fustian?

*Squibb.* Lend me a helping hand, thou disciple of Rip Van Winkle—here is Sir Oracle, denouncing, in no measured terms, novels, because they are too [illegible] in painting vice—as it is.

*Sir Oracle.* Not all. We were treating of the merits of "*Jack Ketch*"—but I have no objection to including "*Rookwood*" and "*The Confessions of a Poet.*"

*Fustian.* They are works not to be slept over, however, and that is more than I can say for the "Two Friends," which I would recommend to all my friends who are cursed with over wakefulness; but may I ask in what you and Squibb disagree?

*Sir Oracle.* In this—Squibb affirms that there are no injurious tendencies in the work just named, while I contend that it has no merits, unless we call genius misapplied by that title.

*Fustian.* There is illiberality in your censure, Sir Oracle. If we are to cavil at a writer because in one or two unimportant points he transgresses the formal rules of prudery, or chances to commit a *faux pas* in one chapter while the general influence of the volume is sound and praiseworthy, we shall at once institute a crusade of prejudice against literature, trammelling it down to many detail, and dry, sententious apothegms.

*Sir Oracle.* I would not wish to curb the flight of genius.

*Fustian.* Yet you uphold the literally wrong crusader, who, forsooth, because he is a contemner of vice, must needs avoid culling the roses that bloom around him, lest in proportion to the floweret's beauty, the number and pungency of the thorns should be increased; whereas, did he but examine, he would find that the pain caused in securing the flower was more than repaid by its fragrance and beauty when in his possession.

*Squibb.* Or, to work out another simile, you, Sir Oracle, say that you would not curb genius, yet you bind it to the barren heath of fact, and would eke out a moral from the sands and stunted shrubs, while by allowing it to roam at large through the romantic and ever verdant fields of imagination,—teeming with instruction, it points to a conclusion from which the wavering mind may cull ligatures to strengthen it anew, and the tottering, observe examples drawn by collateral (although, it is true, somewhat fictitious) evidence, to aid them in again returning to the paths of virtue. It be not indeed a bigot, who tells an author he shall not pourtray vice, as it really is, lest he startle the unwary, and cause them mothlike to rush upon the danger he strives to assert them in escaping?

*Fustian.* Would we not contemn the doctrine, which, in painting the short lived career of a criminal, informs the spectator, that as for the culprit there was no hope, so shall it be with all? Repentance in the half stage of crime would then be of no use, and the wretch would hurry on to a consummation, knowing that, according to the rule here laid down, he must be punished so severely for an inch, as an ell—not like Paul Clifford, or Jack Ketch, escape, by a timely retreat from the brink of ruin.

*Sir Oracle.* Hypothesis is not argument, nor do the assumptions you have made bear you out in strengthening your position. You not only accuse me of hypercriticism, but also of illiberality. Far from it—you maintain that I would destroy the freedom of imagination, so essential to the success of the novelist. On the contrary, I always endeavour to keep it on the wing, yet at the same time, would suggest the propriety of its avoiding the dangers that threaten to mar it in mid air, soiling its plumage, and lessening its speed.

*Squibb.* Yet this is restraint.

*Sir Oracle.* So you may term it—yet it is necessary. It's empire is sufficiently large without risk—are not the vast plains of science—the fertile fields of moral instruction—the gay smiling landscape of wholesome fiction, sufficiently pleasing to its vision, and can it not soar upon the gale that is impregnated with virtuous tendencies, without plunging into the mire of improbable legends, or skimming the surface of the *dead sea* of vice—swept by no breeze of remorse, owning no reacting current of well timed repentance!

*Fustian.* Your remarks are very just, Sir Oracle—[illegible] your censure. They are written with ability.

*Sir Oracle.* I am no sceptic to the *ability* with which the *Confessions of a Poet* are sketched, and even *Ketch* is spun out with much humour. I am willing to admit that there is a redundancy of beautiful imagery in *the Confession*, and that Ketch is inimitable in his philosophical exposition of the desire all men ought to have, to the scaffold, and the rope—hanging metaphor upon metaphor, and illustration upon illustration. There is novelty in all this, yet when we ask ourselves where are the benefits to be derived from the perusal of such works, we find by the answer that the hours spent over them have been sadly unemployed.

*Fustian.* I will not attempt to defend the moral conveyed in the "*Confessions of a Poet.*" It is a singular production—a work over which genius of no ordinary stamp has been employed, and although grossly licentious, yet so admirably sustained that we are forced to do homage to the talents of its author, while we loathe his ribaldry, and detest his sophistries. It is a dangerous creation of an erring though splendid mind; and I hope that should he again resume the pen of authorship, he will adopt a subject less open to censure, and conceal the thoughtless scepticism with which he seems strongly imbued, at least from the public eye;—but I see no reasons why we should include *Jack's Auto.* in the list of dangerous works.

*Sir Oracle.* The reasons are obvious. Who that reads it will not admit that it is a most disgusting publication, from which nothing can be gained in the shape of benefit? No instructive admonition points out the dangers which are glaringly pourtrayed—no warning is imprinted upon the canvass, to tell the beholder, of the rottenness it should bespeak—and as we proceed, a panorama of disgraceful debauchery unfolds itself—a matured and hellish plan, of destroying string by string the life of a confiding woman, with only a single dash of remorse, as the villain riots in the *denouement*—these methinks are reasons sufficient to cause its popular damnation.

*Squibb.* They should, and were there no counteracting influences to be met with on the pages of the book in question, I would lend my feeble aid to consign it to public execration. In enumerating the passages you deem most exceptionable you pass over without comment, the remorse that *must* be felt by the perpetrator of dishonest actions—no matter whether he be the daily committer of the grossest crimes, or the mere rogue of an hour. The gnawings of conscience must pierce him to the quick whenever reflection taunts him, with the damning fact that he is an outcast from the society of honourable men, with the ban of the community upon him—the minions of the law upon his track, and a prison yawning to receive him—no friendly hand to lead him back to the forsaken paths of rectitude; nor a voice to whisper into his ear the soothing words of consolation and hope. His vices have barred from him the temples of fame and honour, and he stands alone—the *Pariah* of his race!

*Sir Oracle.* Eloquently described, *Squibb*,—yet where is your contest?

*Squibb.* On the pages of the novelist who proves his usefulness in the pencillings of instructive fancy, upon the scroll of vice—by teaching what vice *does feel*, he may render as much good and solid advice as does the formal expounder of the moral law in his utilitarian view of the follies and depravity of mankind.

*Fustian.* You are right, Squibb, and so truly do I agree with you, that I accord you the *Bays*; but there are other views of this question, which Sir Oracle seems to have forgotten in his uncompromising criticism of the tenor of this tale. He will certainly allow that the very picture drawn by the writer is so full of deformity, so disgusting in detail, as to cause us intuitively to shrink from the recital. Place it in juxta-position with virtue, and who would prefer it, with its concomitant misery, and ultimate degradation, to a life passed in tranquility, and a due observance of the laws? Nay! so far from thinking that such works should be regarded as dangerous, we should view them as public benefits; for they serve as microscopes, by which the mind may see what vice is, and avoid it.

*Sir Oracle.* Taking into consideration every point you have urged, there is still much to render it of no avail. The end cannot justify the means made use of when it is construed so loosely, that bad impressions may creep in, and with the weapons of sophistry, throw down the few good principles which stand sentinels to guard the garrison. Vice it is well known is specious, and nestled in the bed of pleasure—while virtue on the other hand, is rigid and stern in the enforcement of its precepts; and man ever prone by his nature, to love evil rather than good—shuts his eyes to the truth, and hears only the voice of the syren, Falsehood, urging him on to ruin.

*Squibb.* Is this coming to the point?

*Sir Oracle.* It is—for I would further premise how dangerous is the power it exercises in the hands of the novelist. It is armed with twofold influence to captivate and mislead the novice, when talent prostitutes its high functions to aid it, by making music of an obscene song, or wit, the companion of debauchees and felons in their unhallowed orgies. That the position is correct in relation to the Auto Biography, is unfortunately too true—that there is no help for it, is unfortunately perceptible in the avidity with which such works are spawned from the press and devoured by the community; nor should I be surprised to see Jack Ketch put his threat in execution, and publish a second series of his detestable reminiscences, when—so I have no doubt he will so exercise his genius as

to cause us to weep over the untimely detection, and disgrace of gentlemen convicts, or admire the heroism and sympathize with the sorrows of amiable burglars.

### FATAL STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

The Wheeling Gazette of the 25th says: "By the arrival at this port this morning of the steamboat Warsaw, Capt. Keating, we learn the painful intelligence that the steamboat Majestic, while stopping at Memphis, Tenn. on her way from New Orleans to St. Louis, on Wednesday, the 13th ult. burst her boiler, by which disaster forty persons were either killed or missing. Eight bodies had been found on Wednesday morning, when the Warsaw passed. The passengers were principally German emigrants, and there were twenty cabin passengers in addition, from various parts of the Union. We have no other particulars of this melancholy occurrence, though the papers will doubtless furnish them in a day or two."

The Cincinnati Republican of the 23d has the following account of this frightful disaster:

A gentleman who arrived in this city last evening in the steam-boat Splendid, direct from New Orleans, called at our office, on his way through the city, and informed us, that the Steamer Majestic had exploded one of her boilers, while on the eve of shoving from the wharf at Memphis, producing a most melancholy loss of life and limbs. About 60 persons were scalded, a large portion of them mortally, and nearly all of them dangerously.

The collapse is supposed to have been occasioned by the passengers flocking upon one side of the boat, causing it to careen, so as to produce a transfer of the water from the starboard to the larboard boiler. Our informant was on shore at Memphis, and visited the house in which the wounded were confined. He represents the spectacle there exhibited as heart-rending beyond conception. To add to the distress of the sufferers, the Cholera is prevailing at Memphis to an alarming extent.

Thirty-four deaths by Cholera had already occurred in that ill fated city, up to the time of his departure, and four had transpired on the day of the accident. The deck passengers were the exclusive sufferers. The cabin passengers were supposed to have entirely escaped. A more full and satisfactory statement of the particulars of this deplorable catastrophe, may be expected in Monday's paper.

On this melancholy event the National Intelligencer justly remarks: "Here is another of those dreadful disasters which proceed generally from a disregard of the most obvious dictates of prudence. The engineer probably neglected, or wilfully forbore to let off the steam during the stoppage of the boat, and thus, perhaps to save fifty cents worth of fuel, he destroyed forty lives."

(From the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.)

*An Official Blunder.*—On Tuesday last a gentleman appeared before one of our city Magistrates to swear a complaint against a person who resided in the same house with himself. The complaint stated that not only the inmates of the dwelling, but the whole neighbourhood were kept in a constant state of alarm by the violent conduct of an individual who had lately become raving mad, and he therefore prayed that a warrant might be granted for his arrest and confinement in the lunatic asylum. As it required the testimony of two persons to the facts, before a commitment could be granted, the deposition was fortified by that of a lady who accompanied the complainant. In the hurry of the business, the clerk not having paid particular attention to the case, made out the requisite documents, and filled the blank in the commitment with the name of the female deponent, instead of the person for whom it was intended.—The warrant was then handed to one of the officers who having read it requested immediate attendance of the lady. Supposing all was right, the gentleman who accompanied her to the office, went away, leaving her and the officer to follow. She naturally concluded that the officer attended her for the purpose of making the arrest, but observing that he took an opposite direction to that she intended going, remarked it, to which he very quietly replied, oh, I know all about it.—We are going right. We are doing no such thing said the lady, and I insist upon turning back. It can't be done ma'am, rejoined the officer, you must go with me. And why must I go with you? Because I have a warrant against you, and, it's no use to mince matters, you are a mad woman, and I am going to lodge you in the asylum. The unfortunate lady, horror struck, in vain remonstrated against this injustice, and made several violent efforts to free herself from her companion.—It's no use I tell you, said he; here's my warrant, there's your name, and with me you must go. Do I look or speak like a lunatic, exclaimed she? That may be, but mad people speak very sensible sometimes. I must do my duty, and so maugre all resistance, the unfortunate victim of a mistake was handed over to the officers of the Asylum. The long absence of the lady alarmed her friends, who hastened to the office for information, where they learnt from the officer who so well fulfilled his instructions, where she was to be found. It is unnecessary to add, that she was soon liberated, and restored to the comforts of her own domicile.

*Arrival of Africans at New York.*—The N. York Journal of Commerce announces the arrival at that port of the brig America. Two colored female children about five or six years old were found on board; and the Captain was at once taken into custody. From what has as yet transpired, it appears that the America sailed from the West coast of Africa, went first to the Portuguese settlement of Loando, where some persons who brought one of the children from the interior made it a present to Captain Miller, and the other child was made a present to him at Novorondo, whither the brig went to from Loando. Captain Miller states that his intention was to bring up the children in his own family, and that he took the children solely for that purpose. The Captain has been bound over in a heavy sum.

*Shop Lifting.*—We notice in the New York papers, that shop lifting is becoming a common crime in that city. One instance in Philadelphia has recently come to our knowledge, which we mention by way of caution.—A man and two young women entered a dry goods store a few days since, in Walnut street, and selected about fifty dollars worth of goods, which were packed up. The man then told the girls to take the bundle and go on, and he would pay for the merchandise and overtake them. The girls went off, and the man proceeded to open his pocket book with great leisure, turning from one apartment to the other, until he felt satisfied that his girls had escaped; he then deliberately put up his book and ran out of the shop. As there was only a lady in attendance, it was impossible to arrest the scoundrels, (male and female) and they escaped.

*Importance of keeping words close together.*—In the debate in the Chamber of Deputies, on 13th April, M. De Lamartine made some remarks in the course of which speaking of "the two flags of France"—he was interrupted by the President with the laconic rebuke, "France has but one flag." The orator replied that the President should have let him finish the sentence before interrupting him and then went on to shew that France at different periods had two flags. This story reminded us of an anecdote which took place one day at a dinner table when we were present. The conversation turned upon the Presidency. A wag very gravely remarked—"There is not a single individual in Pennsylvania fit to be President of the United States." Here he stopped. The company stared at one another, and they had not recovered their amazement, when the speaker resumed—"who has the least chance of succeeding." "Keep your words closer together," said one of the company, quoting the remark of the Judge at Court, who having called a witness a rogue, was kept for half a minute in a state of irritation by the divided reply of the witness—"I am not half so great a rogue as your honor ——takes me to be."

Another of the Downings.—"Have you got any such a thing here as the life of James Downing all in poetry?" said a fellow from the country, yesterday, poking his head into a bookstore.

"The Life of James Downing?" repeated the bibliopole—"you must be mistaken in the name. We have Jack Downing. Is'nt that what you want?"

"No; it's James Downing I ax ye, and it's all in poetry, four lines to each warse. It tells all about where he was born and brung up, where he lived, where he died, and was buried, all writ by himself."

"After he was dead? It must have been posthumous then."

"Post-humorous! Lord! I guess you'd think so if you was to read a few warses. The first warse goes this way—

> "James Downing he was born one night
> On Bobolincoln Hill,
> Which used to stand just out o' sight
> O' Deacon Gibson's mill.
>
> But now the mill—it aint there now,
> Because one night it fell,
> All in a freshet, when the flow
> Of waters made a swell.
>
> Down tumbling came the Deacon's mill,
> Down hopper came and all;
> The Deacon he was in it still,
> And loudly he did bawl.
>
> But what the dickens was the use
> Of bawling quite so fearce?
> The mill it fell all in the swell—
> And this line ends the warse."

And so it goes on all in poetry. I could say a great deal of it, if I had time. But I'm in a hurry now to get out o' the city. And so, you haint got the Life of James Downing, ha?"

"I'm sorry to say I have not. But wont Major Jack Downing answer just as well?"

"Is't all in poetry?"

"No; it's all in prose."

"Does it go in rhyme, any how?"

"No; but it jingles well."

"I want it to go in rhyme; and I would'nt so much care whether it was James Downing or Jack Downing, for I s'pose they're all one and the same family."

Thus saying, the lover of rhyme went to another shop in search of James Downing, all in poetry; but whether he found it or not we cannot say. We hope, however, the member of the Downing family is not a rival with Major Jack for literary fame.—*Transcript.*

A gentleman who lived in a one story house, called repeatedly to see some young ladies who lived in a high three story house. As these ladies spent much of their time up stairs, and were very tardy in descending, he frequently retired before their appearance, and finally, gave up visiting them on that account. A friend enquiring of him, how the ladies were? he answered that he did not know. The astonished querist demanded how that could be, as he was there so often. O, said the gentleman, I do not see them now, for they tell (count) too many stories for me.

## Epitome of the Times.

The City Councils on Thursday evening, voted to present one thousand dollars to the fund for the [illegible] firemen.

*Fire.*—A carpenter's shop, situate on the Ridge Road, near Green street, was discovered to be on fire on Saturday night, about half past 11 o'clock, it was entirely destroyed with most of its contents, supposed to have been set on fire.

*Another.*—Between 4 and [illegible] o'clock on Sunday morning, a fire broke out in [illegible] of buildings, on Noble near 11th street, which, we learn, consumed the wood work of a three story brick dwelling house, a small two story brick dwelling, three carpenter's shops, and a stable and one horse.

Felix Enos, aged 20 years, son of James Enos, Esq. in a state of mental derangement, caused by severe illness, left his house, almost in a state of nudity, on the 16th of April last. Diligent search was made for him by his distressed father, but no tidings could be had of him, until Saturday last, when his body was found in the cellar of a house, in Eighth street, below Christian, in which there was from three to four feet depth of water. It is supposed that he fell into the cellar, and was drowned, the night after he left his home.

"*The wicked flee when no man pursueth.*"—Mr. Alexander Leary, No. 420 Plumb street, took to the Mayor's office on Tuesday, a set of dies and a quantity of counterfeit Spanish quarter dollars, purporting to have been issued in 1801, which he found at low water on the morning previous in the dock at the Drawbridge, thrown there probably by the felon, in his haste, imagining himself pursued, and anxious to escape detection. The dies are of steel, and remarkably well done. The coin has the appearance of a composition of brass and zinc.

*Appointment by the Governor.*

James H. Stewart, Esq. Prosecuting Attorney, vice Hon. T. B. Dallas, appointed Judge.

*Appointment by the Post Master General.*

Maj. Henry Carver, to be Post Master at Danborough, in the room of Jos. Kaisinger, resigned.

The Hon. Andrew Gregg, for many years a member of Congress from this State, and subsequently a candidate for Governor, died at Bellefonte on the 20th ult. in the 80th year of his age.

The opinion of Mr. Attorney General Butler, on the Ohio boundary question, and which leans to the side of Michigan, was supposed to have been written at the instigation of Gov. Cass. It has given great umbrage to the people of Ohio.

It is said that Wm. G. Jones lately arrested in Baltimore on a charge of robbing the Post Office in that city, having been released from jail, in consequence of the requisite bail in his case being given, has fled from the country and sailed for South America.

Mr. Clayton's balloon, which went into the air from Cincinnati, same ceremonie, has been found in Kentucky, fifteen miles from the place where it arose, spoiled by the action of the sun upon it.

There was cut, the past winter, from one acre of land in the Taunton and Raynham Tract, state of Maine, 927,000 feet of timber. The tract was sold within 3 years at the rate of two dollars per acre!

*Literature, &c.*—N. P. Willis has published a volume of poems, "Melanie." The journal give them "faint praise"—far less, I think, than they deserve.

It is said that the loss of peach trees in New Jersey, by the severity of the weather will exceed half a million of dollars.

There never was such an amount of travel on the Hudson as this season. A perfect thoroughfare.

A little girl, eleven years of age, the daughter of Mr. Welyard, of Salem township, Westmoreland county, was killed by lightning on the afternoon of the 26th ult. The deceased was in company with two or three persons, all of whom were knocked down by the shock.

The Boston Post says—"We have received a communication, stating that ten thousand dollars have been bequeathed to a gentleman of this city, by an individual lately deceased in Albany, in gratitude for services rendered the inhabitants of Albany during the cholera season, in 1832."

Mr. John Earnheart, a respectable mechanic, whose relatives reside in this city, was wickedly and unprovokedly stabbed in New York last week, by a man named William Pottinger. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of *wilful murder* against Pottinger, who is now in prison.

Two persons have been committed to prison in Trenton, N. J. on the charge of passing counterfeit Spanish quarter dollars.

*Being Born Again.*—One of the Boston papers relates the following anecdote in such a manner as to say to every reader, disbelieve it if you dare:

A little boy, after listening to a sermon on the absolute necessity of being born again to be saved hereafter, returned home much afflicted, and with tears in his eyes, told his dear mother—"I did not like the sermon, and ma, I don't want to be born over again, for who knows but I might then be a *gal.*"

*Snow.*—There was a heavy fall of snow in Lower Canada, May 16th; two or three inches deep. The first snow last fall was in November, since which time, the cattle have been in [illegible].

[illegible]—"It is rumoured that a certain celebrated *Journalist* is writing a new play, in which *she* is shortly to *appear* as the *heroine*, the *opinion* of the *bugs* to the contrary notwithstanding."

The New Orleans Bee of the 18th ult. says. We record with regret the death of Miss Jane Placide, long an ornament of the theatrical profession; and of Mrs. Rosina Rowe, also a favorite and accomplished actress.—The former lady died from a disease of the spine; the latter (it is believed) from debility, consequent on over-exertion while in a delicate state.

The municipality of Providence, has passed an ordinance forbidding all persons to smoke pipe, segar, or shetout, in the streets of that good city, upon penalty of five dollars, and the costs of prosecution. The smokers who appear to form a respectable minority, have protested against the enactment, as a violation of their inalienable rights, and proclaim, with great energy and eloquence, their right to smoke, when, where and what they please.

A new steamboat is about to start from Buffalo to make an excursion through the upper lakes. She will visit, besides the ports on Lake Erie and Detroit, Sault de St. Marie, Mackana, Green Bay, Chicago, Michigan city, and St. Josephs, embracing a distance of more than 20 0 miles, through the Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Michigan, and the rivers, straits and bays, connected with them.

The New Orleans True American states that the streets of that city are almost impassable, "on account of the foul smells that assails the nose." No wonder the Cholera prevails there.

Phrenology is all the rage. In almost every village, town and city in the country, there are professors holding forth upon the subject of bumps. In nine cases out of ten these lecturers are quacks and adventurers, who, if there be any truth in the science, must have prodigious developements of impudence.

A countryman was met in the street the other evening by a friend; the following conversation ensued:—Well, Thompson, which way have you been to night? Why, I have just come from the Museum, I went there to see those queer things, the Siamese twins. Ah! how old are they. A man, replied the countryman, told me, *that one was eighteen and the other nineteen.*

Six hundred thousand white fish were drawn ashore at Tomlinson's bridge, New Haven Harbor, on 29th ult. at one haul.

*Who will be an Officer?*—The Norfolk Advertiser states that a military company in the neighboring town, having met to choose an Ensign, could not prevail on any one to accept the commission; whereupon they resolved to offer the office to the man who would take it for the lowest sum. The bids commenced at fifty dollars, and the office was struck down at *ten*, and a subscription was immediately made to pay the *unfortunate* incumbent.

"A Lady's small oval Garnet and Pearl breast Pin" is advertised in a Salem paper as having been lost.

At a recent meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York, the sum of $15,000 was subscribed in aid of the Society's funds.

*Twenty Hands* are constantly employed at Raleigh, N. C. in making Beckwith's Pills—they turn out 40,000 a day! My eyes, what a lot!

*Dreadful havoc by lightning.*—The Formidable and Satel, Spanish slaver, captured on the African coast by British cruisers, had 712 slaves, of whom 236 were afterwards struck by lightning!

*Rather Saucy.*—An Indiana paper comes to us with this endorsement on the margin: "We are whole swine, and we wish to see how you whigs can be—will you exchange?" No, you brutly brute.—*Louisville Jour.*

The Emperor of Russia has lately issued a decree of a novel kind in one respect, for it will probably provoke a smile. It forbids the entrance into his dominions of any foreigner of the lower order, who shall not have about him at least ten rix-dollars in ready money.

*A fish story.*—The Jersey City Gazette says that on the 27th ult. one of the boatmen belonging to the steamboat Essex, purchased a codfish from a smack lying at the wharf. On opening it for the purpose of cleaning, he took from it *fifteen small crabs, one lobster, and a fish about four inches in length?* The cod weighed about eleven pounds.

*Providence Rail Road.*—The whole distance, with the exception of a fourth of a mile of the Boston and Providence Rail Road, is now graduated for two tracks, and the cars are to commence running through the route, to-morrow. The cost of the road, in the round sum of a million of dollars.

*Huge Shark.*—A shark was killed a few days since at Provincetown, Cape Cod, which measured twenty-seven feet in length, with a girt of fifteen (?) feet about the body, and from whose liver the fisherman expected to get eight barrels of oil. This is said to be the largest shark we ever heard of. The villain got entangled among some herring nets and was nearly exhausted when his captors put off in a boat and harpooned him.

William H. Ireland, the author of the celebrated Shakespeare forgeries which made such an uproar in the literary world of England some thirty years ago, died on the 17th of April, in extreme want.

*A receipt for curing Corns.*—Dip a small tuft of cotton in lamp or whale oil, apply it to the corn, and wrap a bandage round it; repeat this for six or eight days, and the corn becomes soft, and is easily removed. I have tried the experiment with success.

*Pretty good for a "Gal."*—A young buck "with corsets laced as tight as fiddle strings," examining the operation of one of the factories in this place a short time ago, addressed the following sapient question to one of the young girls employed in work—"does this factory go by steam, young woman?" She answered, "It does not sir, but I should think you did, if one were to judge by the smell of your breath."—*Pawtucket Chronicle.*

It is a singular coincidence that our French losses sustained by the decrees of the Emperor Napoleon, should have, at this late day, been indemnified by the French government, and that the first news of the important event should have reached here by the Napoleon.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

*Patriotic Toast.*—At a late public dinner, in England, a radical gentleman, a little elevated with drink, put forth the following toast: "Give me universal *sufferings and triangular* parliaments!"

In the famous Kingston cavern in Ireland, two new splendid apartments have been discovered, one four acres in extent and filled with columns, galleries, stalactites and stalagmites.

The Industrious Fleas in London go ahead of ours.—They are dressed in breeches, coats and petticoats, and draw 1000 times their weight, &c.

*More Connecticut Speed.*—We are afraid that the triumphant result of Stannard's foot race on Long Island will cause the Connecticut young men to run themselves to death. A race against time took place at Thompson, in Connecticut, a few days since, the bet was that the individuals could not run one hundred rods in that number of seconds. He performed the distance in 85 seconds.

The New Orleans Bee recommends a mint julep, two or three times a day, as a preventive of the cholera!

*Robbery.*—On the 27th ult. the tailor shop of Thomas D. Clark, of Woodbury, N. J. was broken into and robbed of a quantity of cloth and made clothing, to the value of about $50; and on Friday night, at Carpenter's Landing, three miles below Woodbury, the cabins of three vessels were broken into and robbed of two guns, a quantity of clothing, &c. value about $25.

Two men are suspected, one tall, of dark complexion, with large whiskers, rather stoutly built, about 30 years of age; the other a short, chunky man, wears a light roundabout, sandy complexion. Twenty dollars reward is offered for their apprehension.

*Kentucky Anakim.*—A Mississippi paper mentions the arrival in the steamboat *Homer*, of a Mr. James Porter from near Louisville, Kentucky, who was *seven feet three inches* high, and weighed 225 pounds. He is but twenty one years of age, and is, we take it, a wit as well as a giant; for the paper remarks that he good humouredly boasted of being able to do what but few persons could—turn gin into Porter, and forthwith performed the miracle. A steamboat carrying such hands as this, is very properly called Homer.

*The Candidate.*—The Fredericksburg, Va. Aurora, tells the following good story of the two honest men:

Col. L. was a man of fortune and aristocratic manners—possessed considerable talents and was generally popular. In a canvass preceding an election, he encountered a poor man, of whom he had been in the habit of taking no notice whatever. He approached and saluted the voter in a familiar manner, and tendered his hand, which was refused—"Excuse me, Col. L., I will vote for you—because you are a faithful and able member, but I will give my hand to no man who offers me his but once in seven years."

*Horrible.*—The annals of crime and infatuation can scarcely furnish a parallel for an outrage committed in this city on Saturday night last. A Mr. Whitaker, who has for some years been engaged here in business, after returning to his residence from a public assembly with his wife, *cut her throat from ear to ear!* and then made an unsuccessful attempt to destroy himself, by cutting his own throat. When the alarm was given, they were both found lying on their piazza, weltering in blood, the wife, of course, entirely dead, and Whitaker himself, in a dangerous situation. It is said he will recover. He was actuated by jealousy.—*Pensacola Gaz. 25th April.*

A ludicrous instance of forgetfulness occurred in the neighborhood of Boston on Wednesday, the 25th ult. A respectable farmer and tradesman, accompanied by his "better half," went on that day to Boston in his market cart; whilst there they received the gratifying intelligence of the unexpected accession of an ample fortune—a surprise which so completely killed "the book and volume of their brain" to the entire exclusion of all "baser matter," that the good wife complacently returned home by the market packet, and her husband on foot, neither party recollecting that their own horse and cart were at Boston!—*Lincoln Mercury.*

It has naturally created some surprise that our stocks should decline after the receipt of the favourable news from Europe, political and commercial. On enquiry, it has been satisfactorily explained to us. It was occasioned by the millions of money which have been sent to Baltimore and Charleston to subscribe to the new banks which have recently opened their books of subscription. In the latter instance, the *whole amount* of the capital of $2,000,000, is required as the first instalment, and not less than $100,000,000, has been forwarded.—*N. Y. Star.* 100,000,000!!!

We have an *on dit*, which gives some credence in what is called "the circle" that Bulwer, (the author of [illegible]) [illegible] Edward Bulwer" will be pretty enough. It is quite true that Scott was turned of 50 before a similar honor was conferred on him, (he was the first baronet made by George IV. after his accession to the crown,) but, though Bulwer is little more than 30, he has written quite as much—I think quite as well—as Scott did up to 1820. The fact is, at Bulwer's present age, Scott had never written a line worth mentioning.

On Sunday the 23d ultimo, a boy ten years old, son of Mr. William Jeffers, of Newark, N. J. was amusing himself by riding up the Inclined Plane on the car. He was cautioned to keep away, and in an evil moment, attempted to jump from the car as it was entering the lock; before the car could be stopped, his body was forced into a space of about two inches, where, coming in contact with an iron bolt, his legs were almost severed from his body, just below the hips.—In this dreadful situation, he was compelled to remain until a hole was cut through the side of the lock, and his mutilated body taken out. While this operation was going on, the little sufferer turned his eyes upon an acquaintance who stood near, and cried out in a tone indicative of mental as well as bodily agony, "Dennis—(O God!)—save me if you can!" He was terribly mangled—his clothes being literally buried in the flesh, and with difficulty drawn out by pieces.—He was immediately conveyed to the nearest house, where he suffered about an hour and then died.

*Advertisement Extraordinary.*—No one we think, will deny that the writer of the subjoined advertisement, copied from a Tuscaloosa (Alab.) paper, is gifted in a remarkable degree with a genius for writing advertisements:

Persons indebted to the Tuscaloosa Bookstore, are respectfully requested to pay their last year's accounts forthwith. It is no use to honey the matter, payments must be made, at least once a year, or I shall run down at the heel. Every body says, how well that man Woodruff is getting on in the world; when the fact is, I have not, positively, spare change enough to buy myself a shirt, or a pair of breeches. My wife is now actually engaged in turning an old pair wrong side out, and trying to make a new shirt out of two old ones. She declares, that in "Virginia," where she was raised, they never do such things, and that it is moreover, a downright vulgar yankee piece of business altogether. Come, come, pay up! pay up friends, keep peace in the family, and enable me to wear my breeches right side out. You can hardly imagine how much it will oblige, dear sirs, the public's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant, D. Woodruff.

*A Beautiful Reflection.*—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment on its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it the high and glorious aspirations, which leap, like angels, from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud came over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars "hold their festival around the midnight throne," and set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproaching glory. And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then are taken from us—leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Manse of the Lake.*

*Strange Transformation.*—The Botany Bay newspapers mention instances of wonderful changes which have taken place in the vocations, and, it is hoped, in the characters also, of the convicts, which have been sent to that country. A desperate highwayman has been metamorphosed into a life guardsman; a noted shoplifter has become a respectable mercer; a notorious pickpocket has been, by a large majority, elected guardian of the public purse; and a bully and a gambler has been made a Justice of the Peace.

Phenomenon.—By a gentleman recently from Prince William county, Virginia, we have been informed of a remarkable occurrence which took place on the Neabsco tract, about four miles from Dumfries, on the 18th ult. during that heavy thunder storm, which it will be recollected, overspread the whole heavens, and apparently visited every quarter of our country. The earth for several acres which was previously firm and good, *suddenly* (from its present appearance) sunk to the depth of about four feet, and cracked open in innumerable places throughout the whole mass, as if it had been blown by gunpowder. The thunder and lightning there was awfully heavy and severe, accompanied by an abundant shower of hail, which, however, was not so injurious to the grain as to the window glass. Numerous persons have visited the spot, but are totally unable to account for the remarkable phenomenon. Some suppose it to have been produced by the shock of an earthquake, although the people residing in the neighborhood experienced, or rather observed no sensation during the storm to justify such a conclusion; yet it is possible such might have been the fact, as from the continual glare of lightning and the heavy peals of thunder, with a combination of apprehension for their personal safety, they might have had a shock of an earthquake, which they attribute to the effects of the raging storm.—*Georgetown (D. C.) Metropolitan.*

### A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

The last number of the Annapolis Republican, furnishes the following particulars of a perilous adventure, in the course of which, two young officers acquitted themselves in the handsomest manner:—

"A party of pleasure, including the family of Colonel Walbach, Commandant of Fort Severn, embarked on Monday last, and after spending a delightful day upon the water, rambling over the beautiful green banks of the Severn, and partaking of a repast upon the shores of the Round Bay, the schooner was returning with the party in the evening, when a sudden flaw of wind struck her—the main boom jibed, and carried one of the young ladies overboard. Quick as thought, Lieut. J. J. B. Walbach, of the United States Navy, plunged into the river to save her. The spring by which he designed to throw himself as near as possible to her, owing to a sudden careen of the vessel, was the means of plunging him a great depth. When he rose, the object of his anxiety was no longer to be seen. Nearing the spot, however, she was discerned sinking below the waves. On being brought up, she very naturally clung to the only object within reach, for safety, but unfortunately in such a manner as to deprive him of the power of motion, necessary to keep above water. In a short time, both sunk together.

Rallying his strength, with an effort, he rose again with his fair charge, and not only sustained her long enough for her to breathe afresh, but with the utmost presence of mind, made [illegible] to keep afloat; but entangled with clothes, and disabled from motion, his buoyance soon, of course, became exhausted, and both disappeared.

It occurred to Lieut. W. as he sunk, to endeavor to reach the bottom, in order to obtain an impetus for ascending, but the depth was found too great, there was 24 feet water. It was probably with the last remains of strength that another exertion enabled him once more to regain the surface with his fair companion. But they soon sank again. His brother, Lieut. Augustus B. Walbach of the United States Army, who had been at the head of the boat when the accident occurred, on perceiving them overboard, springing into the river, reached the parties at this critical moment. In the act of bringing them up to the surface, the young lady, naturally placed her hand upon his head, so as effectually to keep him under water.—In this position, however, he retained his presence of mind, and by swimming under water with his brother's hand upon his shoulder, contrived to sustain both for a considerable time, and to them all, a most eventful space.

All three, however, became exhausted, and had sunk a full arm's length when the captain of the schooner,* having succeeded in rounding his boat too, and launching a small crazy punt from her deck, arrived just in time to reach one of the party, and thereby bringing them all up to the surface. The first breath of returning life in the young Naval Officer, was to sing out a direction to the raw hands thus left to manage the schooner, and which was now at considerable distance, to "*haul that jib to windward, and put down the helm.*" One of the officers laying hold of the little boat on one side, and the other on the other, they contrived to steady it so that the Captain could draw the lady on board without capsizing it—and in that posture they were paddled to the schooner and received on board.

It was no other than "the kind little cherub which sits smiling aloft," that turned the agonizing scene of suspense, which had lasted for nearly half an hour, and in which the father, mother and sisters of the family, all participated, to one of mutual and most heart-felt gratulations, in which, as we write the account, we most cordially associate.

*Capt. Charles McDowning, of the schooner Comet. He behaved admirably throughout. A Sailor, every inch of him.

### GREAT CALAMITY AT NEW ORLEANS.

We copy the following account, containing some particulars of the late melancholy catastrophe at New Orleans:

From the Louisiana Advertiser of the 16th.

On Friday morning between the hours of two and three o'clock, (a time when most of our citizens are reposing from their labors, and, perhaps, not even dreaming of the dreadful calamities of their fellow creatures,) that large and extensive building in Canal street, known as the Planters' Hotel, fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, and gave a shock to the surrounding neighborhood, similar to that experienced from an earthquake; an awful pause ensued for a few seconds, when the smothered voices of several unfortunate individuals who were deeply buried beneath the ruins, issued from the pile; the alarm bells rung, and hundreds of our efficient firemen rushed to the spot, and made every exertion which humanity could dictate to rescue the miserable sufferers from the jaws of death.

We understand there were from sixty to seventy persons living in the house, some of whom succeeded in effecting their escape, with but little or no injury, but we are sorry to add that several have lost their lives, or been miserably mutilated. How truly do the scriptures say "in the midst of life we are in death." Many of those poor creatures had been joyous and gay in the morning, and at night they went to bed "to rise no more!" Many of them, perhaps, had taken "heed for the morrow," and have been thus cut off, "in the midst of [illegible]." God grant we may be all prepared to meet him, should it "seem good to him" that such a calamity should overtake us! It is his mercy that there have not been many more victims in the list, as the billiard rooms had been remarkably full, and several persons, whom we have seen, had scarcely quitted them when they heard the crash. As usual, on such awful opportunities, there were some demons in the shape of human beings, who repaired there for the sake of plunder; we are glad to hear, for the honor of our city, that some of them have been taken and imprisoned in the gaol. During the three days revolution in Paris, some persons, who were similarly industrious, were instantly seized, and the populace punished them with summary justice; we almost regret not to have a parallel to relate, for if summary justice is ever justifiable, there never was a stronger necessity for it than on the present occasion.

The following are some of the melancholy particulars:

Mr. Morton, slightly wounded; Mr. Kennedy severely injured; Mr. Hanna, dead. These gentlemen, together with Mr. Griffith, were all from Davis county, Kentucky. Mr. Griffith was not in the building at the time of the catastrophe, but instantly repaired to the rescue and relief of his friends.

Mr. Tallman, portrait painter, had his arm greatly mashed.

Mr. Hans escaped unhurt.

Mr. Morse slightly injured.

The lifeless bodies of Messrs. Mooney and Hopkins were taken from under the ruins at about two o'clock yesterday.

Mr. R. Centen, exchange broker, escaped uninjured.

Mr. E. Eller, dead.

Mr. Ennis, of the Daily News, bruised.

Mr. Gallard, clerk to Messrs. Ainsley and Ryan, wounded.

Mr. Ellis, bruised.

Mr. Armstrong, Jr. hurt.

Mr. Cullerton was saved by a beam resting on the bedpost; he extricated himself by making a passage through the partition to the next house; he escaped with a slight scratch.

A Frenchman, name not known, severely injured.

Various reports are in circulation as to the number of persons who were within the walls when they gave way; but it is supposed there were not less than sixty. What became of the whole of them can only be surmised; many, it is said, miraculously escaped at the instant, while one shudders to think of what the ruins may yet conceal from the view.

The thanks of the community is merited by Mrs. Shall, who, with the most active humanity, threw open the doors of her house, situated on the opposite side of the street, for the reception of the wretched sufferers, where every care and attention that the best feelings of our nature could dictate, was bestowed upon them.

The numerous firemen and other citizens vied with each other, on this occasion, with such noble efforts, as to preclude our having an opportunity of particularizing.

Theodore Hook made silver forks common in England, and Basil Hall aided him in the work of their diffusion here. It is said that finger glasses are now selling readily, and it is believed that Fanny Kemble's book caused the demand. Fanny thought it monstrous to dine without them, and so people who would be elegant must have them. How ready we are to take fashions at second hand! It is a little ridiculous, to be sure, but then how can one help following what they think is fashionable. Well, the finger glasses certainly can do no harm, but we trust that the innocent will not adopt the custom which makes them necessary—of eating with their fingers. The Turk, the Persian or the Arab, who, ignorant of fork or spoon scoops up his greasy pillaw with his hand, and stuffs it between his bearded lips, needs basins and towels after the feast; and the Frenchman, or Italian, who with fork in the right hand, and crust in the other, hops and scrapes and splutters through his dishes over ready, requires, perhaps, the finger glass in which he may wash his hands, rinse his mouth, and spit. But the christian who possesses a knife and fork, and skill to use them has no occasion for a finger glass; it is the dirty and not the clean, who need washing. Now we assert that at the memorable dinner where Fanny ate ripe soft peaches, from her hand, without peeling, the finger glass may have been very proper and necessary for cheeks as well as fingers, but the young ladies who used the fork and the knife, to the fruit and didn't muss themselves, could very well dispense with that indispensable to her, as she calls it. We shall protest however against the innovation of introducing them generally here, where people eat cleanly, for if they do come into use, the aspiring will soon make them necessary. Fashion is terribly infectious. It was but yesterday that an old bachelor, who condemned the Journal severely, having eaten part of two very juicy oranges, dipped his fingers into his water tumbler before wiping them on his D'Oyley, and this before our very eyes. He doubtless will to-day lift a bunch of asparagus in his fingers and crunch it, as Delmonico's diners do. Now conceive a table-full of cleanly and skilful employers of the knife and fork, suddenly adopting the use of finger glasses, and feeding in the manner to require their employment! what slopping, and sopping, and guzzling, and mussing, sloshing—what filthy fingers, what greasy shining faces, what mutual disgust! spare us this consummation. It was very well to get silver forks, because they have four prongs, and it was well enough to eat fish without a knife, because it needs no cutting, but stop there—eschew the finger glass and the abominations which attend it. And if good taste and your moral courage will not sustain you in so doing, take another and effective inducement—be assured that among the true people, it will not be the fashion to use these glasses.—*N. Y. Times.*

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A Russian paper states that, according to the last census made by direction of the Minister of the Interior, the agricultural class in Russia consists of 37,201,000 persons; of whom 18,541,[illegible] are men, and 18,760,040 women.

A written advertisement was posted in various places in the town of Appleby, on Tuesday last, of which the following is a verbatim copy:—"Public Notice. Dancing By An Irish female from Dublin, the Challenge the Three Kingdoms with Fearnought [illegible] pipe at Jno Robinson Barn Bongate Town [illegible] The Doors to be opened At five o'clock and [illegible] persicley At Six This evening Ladys & [illegible] two pense each Labourin people & children [illegible] each."

The population of France, which in 1822 amounted to 32,063,078 inhabitants, according to the [illegible] list, published by Royal Ordonnance, is reduced by the Ordonnance of this year, published in the Bulletin des Lois, as much as 70,049; the total number now fixed at 31,993,029 inhabitants.

The government of Bavaria is now occupied with the consideration of a plan for uniting the Rhine to the Danube, by means of a canal. Its length will be 22½ German miles.

In Brussels lithography has been already successfully used in printing table covers and carpets; they have given in this new branch not only the shape of the buildings, but every variety of colors and [illegible] comprised; some of the finest specimens are printed in gold, which has a very grand and [illegible] effect.

An important discovery in medicine is about to be published. Dr. Herisson, of Paris, about six years since, invented an instrument which he called a sphygmometer, the property of which is to expose to the sight the motion of the pulse, the strength of which it measures, while at the same time it develops the [illegible] and all the anomalies. Experience has shown the exactitude and utility of this instrument, which allows the physician to calculate the action of the heart and extend his experienced assistance in the most difficult cases. The Institution has addressed the most flattering felicitations to the inventor on his discovery.

The Catholic church at present consists of 97 bishoprics, 55 cardinals, and 12 patriarchs. The present Pope, who is 73 years of age, has created 41 new bishoprics, 1 in Belgium, 1 in Westphalia, 1 in the United States and 1 in Naples.

Your fair countrywomen, the Marchioness of Wellesley and Miss Caton, have gone to Paris. The Marquis does not accompany them. Indeed the marriage has not been a very happy one. The tory papers are always assailing the lady about "her [illegible] man." This comes of marrying age for rank. The Marquis is some forty years older than his lady. The strict propriety of her conduct is evinced by the fact that she has an official appointment at Court, and is an especial favorite with Queen Adelaide.

Lady Macdonald is about marrying a French gentleman named De Sune. She has a very large fortune, and has resided at Paris for sometime. She will still retain her present title, it being higher than that of her husband. If a Countess married a chimney sweep she would still be a Countess.

The following manufactured article is "a caution" to all penny-a-liners and grinders of paragraphs:

"There is a man living at Aylesbury who has acquired so complete a command over the muscles of his face that he can cry on one side and laugh on the other at the same time. At the late election of a member for the town, he excited his faculty so excellently, that while one of the candidates [illegible] his surprise at his *tears*, the other, (the reform candidate) who at the moment was standing upon the "muscle-worker's" *laughing side*, seized the hand, fully anticipating that it was his intention to *bilk the tory*, and vote for reform."

As it is not etiquette for the Queen of Spain, during Carnival, to receive at home, she commanded the Conde de Alsamira to give a masquerade, sending the draperies and furniture from the palace. It was very select indeed. Only a few ladies and gentlemen of the court, and Mr. Villiers, the English ambassador, who waltzed with the Queen! and Mr. Dalborg, the Danish minister, who, in more luck, galloped with her, at her earnest solicitation! He is no dancer—the Queen is all fire, and completely floored the Dane. Those who called for refreshments had to pay.

Frogs.—Until the year 1696 frogs were unknown in Ireland. At that period, frog's spawn was brought from England by one of the Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, and distributed in the ditches of the University pleasure grounds, from which time these jumpers spread themselves from field to field throughout the whole Island. Adders have yet no existence in Ireland.—*Lancet.*

It is said that Sir Walter Scott, baronet, of the 15th Hussars, son and heir of the renowned man of that name, is an ignorant coxcomb, and boasts of never having read his father's works! The following lines is ironically ascribed to him:

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

> The times are changed; we, modern heroes,
> Despising cannon-shot or sabre scars,
> *Go to a ball*, all arrogance and fuss,
> Because a *ball has never come to us!*

A Mr. Gannel, at Paris, has invented a new mode of preserving, in a liquid, dead bodies for dissection, whereby they retain their freshness and suppleness for months after death. This will "cut in" a little, we fear, upon Parker's artificial marble coffins, at least so far as the amphitheatre of the dissecting room is concerned.

Mrs. Carson, the *editress* of an Irish Journal, was lately fined £1220 for a libel. The Rev. Mr. Bell, the real author of the libel, was fined only £100.

The Rev. Mr. Armstrong, a follower of the famous Irving, deceased, is preaching about in barns, and pretends that the "gift of tongues" has fallen on some of the disciples of that sect. A Norwich paper says:

At the meeting on Sunday night a mechanic rose, and exclaimed, 'Hah! hah! A—h—a virgin Church! A virgin Church! hah! hah! hah! hah! the Lord will set up a Church here—the Lord will build his Church—hah! hah! hah! beautiful amongst women—ye are too much given to women." He then sat down, and on this rhapsody the preacher dilated as he would on a mysterious passage in Solomon's Song, or any of the prophecies. Similar exhibitions take place almost every evening.

We have seldom met with a more agreeable *jeu d'esprit* than the following, which we copy from the Saturday's Magazine for April 11:—

RURAL CHRONICLE.—April.

*Departures.*—For the north:—Frost, Esq. and suite, amongst whom we noticed Messrs. Woodcock, Fieldfare, Redwing, &c. &c.

*Arrivals.*—Early in the month, Mr. and Mrs. Swallow; family expected to follow soon. N. B. Mr. and Mrs. S. go out very little as yet.

The Messrs. Blackbird and Thrush have begun to give their annual concert for the season. Their respective ladies "are at home."

The musical foreigner of distinction, the Signor Cuckoo, whose favorite cantatas are so repeatedly encored, is said to be on the look out for lodgings in the neighborhood: strange stories in circulation respecting a branch of the Sparrow family.

The Widow Nightingale, to her seat in Poplar Island.

The Misses Martin for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. Rook have made great progress in their new dwelling, which is built on the old site.

The Wren family, so famous in the annals of architecture, have lately designed some edifices, which show them to be as skilful as ever in that admirable art.

*Court news.—Gazette Extraordinary.*

Yesterday, her Serene Highness, Queen Flora, held her first drawing room this season, which was most numerously attended. The court opened soon after sun-rise; Mr. Skylark was in attendance to announce the company.

The Misses Daisy were the earliest visitors; after which arrivals were constant.

Messrs. Bugle, Broom, Lilac, Orchis, Periwinkle, Ranunculus, Stellaria, &c. &c., all richly and tastefully attired.

The numerous family of the Anemonies paid their devoirs early. These elegantes were variously habited; some wore rich scarlet boddices, others purple and green train; the Misses A., in robes of simple white and green, almost surpassed in beauty their more splendid relatives.

The Misses Violet, on their return to the country, introduced by the Ladies Primrose; the amiable and modest appearance of the former was much noticed, the costume of each party was thought very becoming, and skilfully assorted to set off the charms of both.

The Misses Blue-Bell wore robes of azure tissue, and were much admired for the sylph-like elegance of their forms.

The beautiful Germander family, with their never-to-be-forgotten eyes of heavenly blue, attracted universal attention.

The arrival of the Rose family was anxiously expected.

The Misses Cowslip were presented: it has been the fashion to call them the "pretty rustics," but they were most graciously received, and the delicate propriety of their dress and manners much admired.

The Lady Cardamines, costumes of the finest lawn.

Mrs. Tulip, body and train of crimson and gold, this truly grand dress had a superb effect.

Messrs. Chesnut, Oak, Birch, Lime, &c. &c. sported new bright green liveries, of various shades.

Messrs. Blackthorn, Pear, Apple, &c. &c. crowded round their sovereign, eager to pay their dutiful homage; they made a magnificent show, in rich suits of white, red and green.

The company were greatly delighted with a concert of vocal music from a large party of the best performers in the neighborhood, consisting wholly of amateurs.

The Court broke up, having partaken of a few drops of a light and charming beverage, but not before the Widow Nightingale, (who had joined the performers of the morning,) had been entreated to favor the company with a song; the well-bred lady instantly complied, and poured upon the ear of her delighted auditors one of her most heart-thrilling melodies.

## Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by [illegible]

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1835.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |

# ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

**Saturday, June 6, 1835.**

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page.—*There has been no change in them for many years past.*

☞ Mr. William B. Dunn, has been appointed one of our collectors for the city and vicinity, in the place of James S. Farmer, resigned.

### A REGULAR DUN.

☞ Our Subscribers at Strasburg, Pa., are requested to pay up their subscriptions to the agent, Wm. Russell, Esq., with the same promptness and punctuality they expect from the publisher. OUR PATRONS in other sections, ought to adopt the same christian rule of practice. The memories of a majority are sadly treacherous in that portion of their religious duties.

### GAS WORKS.

The Trustees of the Philadelphia Gas Works are pushing forward this enterprise with much zeal and spirit. The buildings for the manufacture of gas are progressing, on the scite near the Permanent bridge, Schuylkill, and the laying of pipes for distributing the gas through the city, will be commenced immediately. In the course of a few months, perhaps in September, the stores in several principal streets will be supplied with gas. Samuel V. Merrick, Esq. is the Engineer of the works.

COTTON FACTORY DESTROYED.—The cotton factory on the Willow street rail road, in the vicinity of Fair Mount, was destroyed by fire, on Wednesday afternoon. Much valuable machinery and a large stock of goods were consumed. The day was excessively warm, but the firemen repaired to the spot, with their usual alacrity. It is stated that a member of the Friendship Fire Company was seriously injured.

On the same afternoon, Mr. Ripka's factory, in Manayunk, caught fire from friction, in a portion of the machinery. By the exertions of the hands in that and adjoining establishments, the flames were speedily suppressed.

The exhibition of the Hydro-Oxygen Microscope, at the Philadelphia Museum, continues highly attractive, and affords unqualified satisfaction to all who attend. There are two exhibitions of the Microscope in the course of the evening, one commencing before 8, and the other at 9 o'clock. Next week, we understand, there will be an exhibition on the afternoon of each day.

The splendid steam-boat Constitution, attached to the Baltimore line, will run to Cape May this season, commencing on Monday, 22d inst. The Constitution is fitted up in superior style—has copper boilers, and is a very convenient and swift boat.

The journeymen carpenters of Philadelphia have struck for hours, being unwilling to work longer than from 6 to 6. Other mechanics have followed the example. The feelings of the community appear to be in their favor and we have no doubt that their very reasonable request will be obtained.

There is a probability that the election for Sheriff, in Philadelphia, next fall, will occasion a spirited contest. The office appears to be a desirable one, notwithstanding its heavy responsibilities, and there are a number of gentlemen who would not object to being elected. Among the candidates now named, are Joseph Snyder, Col. Jno. G. Watmough, Daniel Fitler, Bela Badger, James H. Hutchinson, Tobias Huber, William Ruff, N. C. Foster, Thomas Weaver, John Swift, and Col. Jno. Thompson.

A meeting has lately been held in Portland, Me., with the view of adopting measures to construct a rail-road from that city to Quebec, Canada. The object appears to be feasible. The quantity of lumber alone, which is carried into Portland by the contemplated route, is immense. It is drawn on teams at an expense of from $1 25 to $2 per thousand. During the past year, there were shipped from Portland to foreign ports, nearly 27,000,000 feet of boards thus transported. One locomotive engine is equal in power to the draft of 120 yoke of oxen. It is estimated that a saving of one dollar will be made on every thousand feet of boards transported by steam.

### THE WATER DEVIL.

One of the most remarkable objects presented to view by the exhibition of the microscope in the Philadelphia Museum, is the Water Devil, which for ferocity of disposition is probably not exceeded by any thing in the animal kingdom. It is said that in April and May, small nests of the Water Devils may be found floating in stagnant waters, among the weeds, in the form of balls, which these insects spin, with as much cleverness as any old spider, who delights in currant bushes, and hangs out its nets in a summer morning. The eggs in these nests, are preserved during the winter at the bottom of the pools, where they are regularly moored by a small cable, and ride as safely as "some tall admiral." In the spring, the high winds shake the waters and break the nets loose—they rise to the surface, and the sun exhilirates and warms the insect into life. On the larvæ becoming animate, they eat their way out of their shells, and their first efforts are in search of food. With open jaws they dive below and eagerly attack all the smaller insects between, within their reach. They remain larvæ for two or three weeks before they assume the Nymph form. In this state they are a quarter of an inch in length, and one species are very great swimmers. They reach their full growth in three or four weeks.

The instinct of a Water Devil—says a correspondent of the Albany Advertiser, to whom we are indebted for the facts in this article—is truly wonderful. Most of the creatures on which they feed, are crustaceous, and the vulnerable part is the stomach. The Water Devil knows this, and cunningly swims underneath its victim, bends back its head, then seizes with its antennæ and pierces with its mandibles the struggling prey, which it quickly brings up to the surface, taking it "as a dog would a rat." It then extracts the juices with its suckers, or crushes it with its forceps. The color of the exuding blood is often seen mingling with the water, in which the Devil takes his pasture of destruction.

The kind of larvæ called *remipedes*, do not possess the swinging apparatus, and have only a horizontal and vermicular movement. The intelligent exhibitor of the Hydro Oxygen Microscope explains in the most interesting manner, all these peculiarities. The ferocity of these larvæ is truly great—in default of their usual spoils, they prey upon each other, and their contests when magnified upon the screen, are truly terrific. There is poetical justice, however, even in a mud puddle. The tyrant of the pool has his own troubles. Scylla, the scourge of the Romans, suffered torments and death from a loathsome disease. So the Water Devil who eats eight times his own weight of insects in a day, has a voracious train of dependents about him, which he would be too happy to shake off. The swimming apparatus is covered with hairs, and among these are harbored innumerable quantities of the bell polypi, who "hang on like death," and devour every thing within their reach, sometimes taking a bite of the devil himself. In this way he has a very unpleasant time of it, and is no doubt very much pleased when his time comes to burrow in a bank of earth, and thence emerge,

"The hard horn beetle with a drowsy hum."

Signorina Fanti, the distinguished vocalist, attached to the Italian Opera, made her escape from N. York, a few days since, and sailed for Trieste, under the following circumstances. It appears that the managers of the Opera company, having made arrangements to give a series of Operas in Boston, were desirous that Fanti should accompany them, but she, from some unexplained reason refused, and declared her determination of immediately returning to Italy, notwithstanding it was represented that her departure before the fulfilment of their contract would be attended with consequences utterly ruinous to the managers. Finding all remonstrances unavailing, the Managers resolved on an appeal to the law, and an action for damages was forthwith commenced against her. This proceeding had not the effect to change her resolution. A passage for herself and family was engaged on board of the brig Buenos Ayres, bound to Trieste, and the Signorina in order to avoid an arrest, went over to Jersey city. The pilot boat John A. Aymar was chartered for the purpose of conveying her on board the brig, and she came to anchor off Powles Hook, waiting a suitable opportunity to effect in safety the escape of the fair vocalist. Mr. Hillyer, the officer, entrusted with the writ, was however too wide awake to be deceived by the manœuvrings of the opposite party, and when the brig got under way, he took a boat at Whitehall and gave chase. On coming up with her he informed the captain of his errand, and was readily permitted to search the vessel. According to his anticipation, the lady was not to be found; he next turned his attention to the pilot boat, which under a press of sail was fast coming up with the brig. He ordered his men to rest on their oars, and when the boat neared them, hailed the pilot, explained the nature of his errand, and attempted to come on board. The crew of the pilot boat made a stout resistance, and belaboured the officer and his companion Mr. Ferrero, secretary of the Italian Managers, who was employed to identify the fair fugitive, so soundly with their oars and other offensive weapons, that they were compelled to abandon all further attempts.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of the crew of the pilot boat, and they will probably be severely punished.

### THE RESUSCITATION OF PEACH TREES.

During a recent visit to the beautiful village of West Chester, we met with our valued old friend, Wm. Darby, who is at present rusticating there. Conversing on the severity of the past winter, and the destruction of the peach trees, which has been lately so much lamented, he assured us that they were not dead, but might be resuscitated by cutting down the trees a few inches above the ground. If this plan were to be followed, sprouts would soon shoot up vigorously, and in a very few years produce abundantly. He furnished us the following communication on the subject.

#### PEACH TREES.

From reiterated complaints in the public prints, it appears that the extremely severe frost of the last winter has been in an extraordinary manner destructive to this fine fruit tree. Another complaint of earlier date was, that the peach tree could not be preserved, but for some cause or causes was perishing.

On this subject let me state the result of my own experience. In 1826 I rented a farm on which, when possession was taken, there was not a sound peach tree but one. Regarding it as a duty to plant trees, I commenced and observed three rules.

1. Planted the seed annually, of course, had young plants constantly coming forward.

2. Planted, as far as convenient, the seed where the tree was intended to stand, and as far as practicable, cultivated the ground around the tree.

3. Whenever a tree began to decay, I had it cut close to the ground.

In the case of the recent apparent destruction of the peach tree, I am fully confident that timely observance of the third rule would save an immense majority of the trees literally frost-bitten last winter. Trees are organised beings, and when by any cause wounded, the principles of life are exerted to ensure self-preservation; amputation is consequently as necessary to a tree as to an animal in many instances.

## From 6 to 6.

The City Councils, on Thursday evening last, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, by the Citizens of Philadelphia, in Select and Common Council assembled, That the hours of labor, of the Working-Men employed under the authorities of the City Corporation, shall be, from "SIX TO SIX," during the summer season; allowing one hour for breakfast, and one hour for dinner.

The new steam boat Lexington, has accomplished the trip between New York and Providence, in eleven hours and fifty-nine minutes.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer communicates the following method of proving the correctness of arithmetic, and recommends it as much more judicious and luminous than the old hackneyed one, of cutting off the sum on the top, adding the remaining ones, and finally adding to the amount of these the top lines.

This new method consists in adding from the left to the right, without carrying from one column to the other, but being careful to place the amount of each column always one figure further back, as for instance, add

| New method. | Old method. |
|---|---|
| 48768 | 48768 |
| 29834 | |
| 15706 | 29834 |
| | 15706 |
| 7 | |
| 22 | 94308 |
| 22 | |
| 9 | 45540 |
| 18 | 48768 |
| 94308 | 94308 |

There was quite a long procession of journeymen shoe-makers and coal-heavers, walking through the city, on Wednesday. They carried a banner, with the words from "6 to 6," significant of their position to their employers.

### HUNTING PARK COURSE.

The proprietor, Mr. James Brown, has announced, that a meeting for the promotion of the breed of blooded horses, will commence on this course, on Tuesday, the 15th inst. to continue three days, viz:

First day, at 1 o'clock. A premium will be given for three year old colts, of $100—mile heats—for all of that age.

Same day, at 3 o'clock. A premium of $100 will be given—mile heats—free for all horses.

Second day, at 1 o'clock. A premium of $300 will be given—two mile heats—free for all horses, except the winner of the above purses.

Third day, at 1 o'clock precisely. A premium of $500 will be given—three mile heats—free for all horses, except the winners of the above purses.

The weights and regulations to be in accordance with the rules of the Union Course, Long Island.

On Monday, the 14th instant, a purse of $500 will be offered for a running match of three miles, $400 to be given to the swiftest runner, and $100 to the second best. Stannard, the Connecticut man, who took the prize on the Long Island course, will be among the competitors. Great sport is expected.

### THEATRICAL.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Eaton, a young gentleman from Boston, is fulfilling an engagement at this house. He plays in the first range of tragic characters, and appears to possess talents of no mean order. His Sir Giles Overreach, on Wednesday evening, is well spoken of.

CHESNUT STREET.—This is the week for benefits, and the entertainments have been varied and attractive. Burton had an excellent house on Monday evening. Faulkner revived the comedy of the Road to Ruin, on Wednesday evening.

Mad'lle Celeste, will complete a short engagement at this theatre. She is announced to appear on Monday evening next, and will continue until the Chesnut street closes, which will take place after the forthcoming week, preparatory to the opening of Arch street, for the summer season.

The Journeyman Cordwainers of Poughkeepsie, have turned out for higher wages. Their new list, as we are informed, shows an advance on old prices of about 15 per cent. The employers will not consent to pay the prices demanded and contend that piece wages here are already higher than elsewhere.—*Poughkeepsie Jour.*

### DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE.

By a late arrival at New Bedford, intelligence has been received of the entire destruction of Talcahuana, the city of Conception, and more than thirty villages lying between the Pacific and the Andes, by a succession of earthquakes on the 20th of February. The number of lives lost had not been ascertained when the Coral sailed. There were but two other American ships in the harbor at the time, namely the Milton and the Nile. A small schooner was driven from her anchorage, and drifted over the town, the sea rushing upon the land in great waves, after the first shock, rising twenty-five or thirty feet, and sweeping away the ruins. Many lives were saved by the active exertions of the crews of the three American ships. The Coral sailed on the 6th of March, up to which time, the shocks continued every day, but with diminished violence. From four to five hundred persons were believed to have perished in the villages.

The following letter, written by a gentleman at Talcahuana, to his friend in New Bedford, is copied from the Gazette of that place:

"TALCAHUANA, March 1, 1835.

On the morning of Friday, the 20th of February, 1835, about twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, we were visited by one of the most awful earthquakes ever experienced by the inhabitants of this place. The first shock lasted about four minutes and a half, causing the mountains and valleys to roll like the sea; during the severity of the first shock (which was so great that a person could scarcely keep upright) I looked around for a moment to meet my fate, but am spared to be thankful, and may consider myself one of the fortunate in making my escape from the falling, but now prostrate ruins. Conception, a city containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants is one heap of ruins; being built principally of brick, there is not even one habitable dwelling left standing within the limits of the city, and for leagues around. The shock came in a S. E. course, prostrating every thing in its way. A number of small towns have been heard from in its course; Chillian, Talca, Arradan, Congas, Erras, Peural, St. Carlos, Valloga and Aagles, have all met the same fate. Talcahuana, the port of Conception, is completely demolished. It was not only shaken down, but the fragments of houses, stores, &c. were afterward swept away by the sea, which retired about fifteen minutes after the first shock, leaving the shipping then lying at anchor in the harbor entirely dry. It came in rising to a height of twenty-five feet above the level, overwhelming the whole place. Men, women and children fled to the mountains, but many were overtaken and swept to the ocean by the returning waves, which completed the destruction of the town, depriving hundreds of families of a second garment, many of whom were in good circumstances, but are now destitute. Furniture of all kinds was swept with the houses, not even leaving a vestige to inform the owner of the situation of his former habitation; and it would require an eye witness to be convinced of the immense devastation it has caused."

The following additional particulars are from the Mercury:

The inhabitants, when the Coral left, were in a most deplorable situation. Capt. Paul Delano, who is known to many of our citizens, and to every one who had visited Talcahuana, has lost his little property, and was compelled to take shelter on board the shipping—his beautiful residence, the home of our countrymen, whether in prosperity or adversity, is completely swept away, and himself and lady narrowly escaped with their lives. No individual, not holding an official station from our Government, ever rendered more substantial benefit to his countrymen than Captain Delano. Many of the perplexing and useless revenue laws of the country, have been repealed through his instrumentality. Mr. Andros, an honest and honorable gentleman, who has done the supplying agency business of late years for whale ships, lost all his property.

There is point in the following paragraph from the Louisville Journal:

It has been often suggested that the absurd, and unceremonial flattery and attention which Americans lay so readily at the feet of foreign talent—whether real or supposed—is the fruitful and unfailing source of the contempt and obloquy which we receive in return; and if English scribblers and English actresses were noticed and patronized, like our own citizens, in proportion to their merit, we should hear no more of the bad walking of the ladies in Broadway, the ill breeding of the American gentlemen, the inferiority of the American to the English institutions, etc., etc.

We add, that until Americans learn to respect themselves, it is unreasonable to expect respect from foreigners. Servility to foreign talent of a moderate order and neglect of American talent of a higher grade, seem to be leading characteristics of our people, merely from a want of confidence in themselves. Nationality of feeling, in respect to literature at least, is less general among us than it should be.

The Masonic Hall, in this city, has been purchased by William Swaim, Esq. for one hundred and five thousand dollars.

COMMUNICATION.

We, the subscribers, having studied with Mr. Megonegal, S. W. corner of Race and 6th street, his new and much approved System of Book Keeping, are of opinion that it surpasses all other systems with which we are acquainted. Mr. Megonegal's aim appears to have been to clear away from the systems of his predecessors, the rude and perplexing verbiage with which they have been encumbered by past ages, and retain such portions only as are founded on immutable philosophical principles, to which he has made very valuable additions. The superiority of this system (which is truly scientific in all its bearings) is evident to all those who have studied under him. He has, in our opinion, succeeded in establishing a correct journal form, and infallible rule for Dr. & Cr. a sure method of posting and closing accounts, all of which terminate in what he calls a Balance Sheet, which shows in a condensed and beautiful form the whole transactions of an active business, all rendered so simple and easy as to be within the scope of any child of ten years of age of ordinary capacity. This system being established on a philosophical foundation, we feel confident cannot be shaken.

While we express our thanks to Mr. Megonegal for his polite attention, and his pleasing method of imparting a thorough knowledge of his invaluable system, we must not forget to applaud him for the very able manner in which he has defended it, and risen triumphant in the regions of Fame, beyond the precincts of his once aspirant rivals—amidst the rude attacks and angry declamations of pretending Impostors.

Having so far advanced our sentiments in relation to the merits of the system, we would earnestly recommend all those who desire a thorough knowledge of the science (for none other is deserving the name) to avail themselves of so able an instructor.

WM. P. REEDER,
JOHN DUBOIZ.

Philadelphia, June 4th, 1t.

COMMUNICATION.

That indefatigable caterer—Mr. Lecount, at the corner of Fifth and Chesnut—has lately got up a new article of the soup kind, which promises to go far ahead, as to popularity, of soup of any other description, not even excepting turtle. It is an excellent article, pleasant to the taste, and free of all deleterious effects. Of its nutricious qualities the epicure will be fully aware, after taking a bowl full. P. P. P.

*Mail Robber Convicted.*—At the recent session of the Circuit Court of the United States, holden in Windsor, Vermont, Sylvester W. Sheldon, formerly Postmaster at Londonderry, in that State, was tried for violation of the Post Office Laws, by a robbery of the Mail. It was proved that he had in many instances abstracted money from letters passing through his office, and a portion of the money so obtained was found upon his person. He was sentenced to 12 years hard labor in the State's Prison.

MARCH OF LITERATURE.—The following is a literal copy of a letter to the Postmaster of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania:

to the Post master of Pittsburg
Pleas to attend to this letter that i am gone to
implor you about
this straw curled letter
that is directed to Joseph Moore a draggun
in the light hors infintry of pennsylvania
this cumpeny is from carlile of enney
of this carlile cumpeny cumes to your ofice
please to given this letter to them
or mack it known to them
this cumpeny started from carlile
March tha 23 tha went to Harrisburg and tha
touck the botes on the canall 24 and now you
may ges what time they will be in Pittsburg
if non of them cumes to your ofice you will pleas
When tha cum for ter that none of them cums
Please to send it them or tack it they are worth
A seeming—do this for me and you will oblidg
your frend —— your til Deth

*Curious Customs.*—The author of "Three Years in the Pacific," the excellent work announced as in press by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, states that in Rio Janeiro it is the custom to place dead bodies in a coarse coffin, and enclose the whole in a more elegant one, the latter is returned to the undertaker after it has been paraded to the church, and a sum paid for its temporary use!

Mr. Stewart states that the raspings of ivory and bone produced in the manufactories at Birmingham, are sent in barrels to London to be made into *jelly*.

Mr. Carne in his "Letters from the East," says, one of the best tarts he ever tasted was at Damascus, composed entirely of rose leaves!

At Lebanon the women wear a silver horn on their heads, it is often a foot and a half high, with a variety of uncouth figures carved on it, and it is fastened by a silken string. They generally carry their veils over it, and let them fall on one side of the face, which has a graceful and theatrical appearance.

At Damascus a custom prevails which we hold in much greater reverence.—Every private house of respectability is supplied with fountains, and in some of the Coffee houses a *jet d'eau* rises to the height of five or six feet, around which are seats and cushions.

Mr. Barrow, in his recent pleasing volume of Travels in the North of Europe, states that at Moscow, at the outside of the numerous gin shops, two or three young men or big boys, are invariably stationed to act as decoy ducks; they commence a series of salutations, bowing almost to the ground as any person passes, and endeavor to induce you to enter.

### RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 30.—Received from | | Received from | |
| Dr. R. J. Chapman, [cents] | $4 00 | Wm. Suggett, Esq. | 10 00 |
| A. M. Kuhn, Esq. | 2 00 | J. Lee, Esq. | 4 00 |
| Ed. McClure, Esq. | 2 00 | Samuel Burke, Esq. | 10 00 |
| W. G. Paddock, Esq. | 2 00 | Thos. Phillips, Esq. | 6 00 |
| J. M. Collins, Esq. | 2 00 | O. G. Ruggles, (St. Andrews,) | 2 00 |
| S. Hendly, Esq. | 2 00 | June 2. | |
| Thos. Burnham, Esq. | 2 00 | A. N. Bourles, | 10 00 |
| Har. Hudson, Esq. | 2 00 | Joseph B. Freeman, | 5 00 |
| Wm. P. Miller, Esq. | 2 00 | C. C. Norvell—acceptance | |
| J. McConway Jr. Esq. | 2 00 | G. W. Ellis, Esq. | 5 00 |
| R. Parker, Esq. | 5 00 | Owen Prentice, Esq. | 2 00 |
| E. S. McIntosh, Esq. | 2 00 | H. N. Fargo, | 5 00 |
| May 30. | | T. Burnham, Esq. | 2 00 |
| John McVackers, | 2 00 | W. H. French, Esq. | 2 00 |
| J. P. Harrison, | 2 00 | June 3. | |
| John W. Jones, | 4 00 | Wm. Wells, | 2 00 |
| J. Vanderpool, Esq. | 10 00 | Jno. Wood, Jr., sett | 4 61 |
| A. J. Irwin, Esq. | 2 00 | Jno. Thorp, | 3 00 |
| Jas. Fordyce, Esq. | 2 00 | J. M. Hedden, Esq. | 5 00 |
| R. Saunders, Esq. | 4 00 | N. Keeson, Esq. | 2 00 |
| E. M. Gaylock, Esq. | 2 00 | Saml. F. Allen, Esq. | 2 00 |
| John M. Coffin, Esq. | 2 00 | D. B. Wheeler, Esq. | 1 00 |
| June 1. | | June 4. | |
| Sanford Risley, | 2 00 | R. B. Babbitt, | 5 00 |
| Saml. H. Stevens, | 10 00 | J. R. Frisbie, | 5 00 |
| Edwd. Dewall, | 5 00 | C. B. Fletcher, Esq. | 2 00 |
| D. Mitchell, | 5 00 | Chas. Baker, Esq. | 2 00 |
| H. B. Wing, (Troy,) | 4 00 | James Paton, Esq. | 2 00 |
| J. T. Benton, Esq. | 4 00 | C. C. Waller, Esq. | 1 00 |
| M. W. Wilcox, Esq. | 2 00 | T. D. Wetherell, Esq. | 2 00 |
| | | John Mosher, Esq. | 1 00 |

### NEW AGENCIES.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Agents for Atkinson's Periodicals, who will receive subscriptions, and give the necessary receipts, &c. Subscribers, and persons wishing to subscribe, are requested to make settlement with them.

West Chester, Pa., S. M. Painter.
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Waynesboro', Georgia, E. McCrean, Esq.
Liberty, Indiana, Joseph Watson, Esq. P. M.
Versailles, Kentucky, R. T. Williamson, Esq.
Navarino, Michigan, Robert M. Eberts, Esq.
Marietta, Penn., Rev. O. Douglass.

### STOCK EXCHANGE.

*Sales of Stocks at the Stock and Exchange Board, from May 28th to June 3d.*

| | | | | Par value. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 228 | do. | Manufac. Bank Pittsb'g, | 60½a61 | 50 |
| 183 | do. | Union Bank, Tennessee, | 69½a70½ | 60 |
| 124 | do. | Norristown Rail-Road, | 50½ | 50 |
| 329 | do. | Mechanics' Bank, | 67½a68 | 25 |
| 4315 | do. | Del. & Hudson Canal, | 107½a110½ | 100 |
| 60 | do. | Louisville Bank, | 114½a115 | 100 |
| 1778 | do. | New Castle Rail-Road, | 37½a38 | 25 |
| 15 | do. | Schuylkill Bank, | 61a61½ | 50 |
| 366 | do. | Girard Bank, | 65½a65½ | 50 |
| 50 | do. | Sandy and Beaver Canal, | 5¼ | 5 |
| | $1400 | Union Canal 6's, 1840, | 107½a108 | 100 |
| 936 | do. | Planters Bank, Tennessee, | 53½a54 | 50 |
| | $79 | Lehigh 6's, 1839, | 103 | 100 |
| 180 | do. | Harrisburg Rail Road, | 6½a7 | 5 |
| 25 | do. | United States Bank, | 113 | 100 |
| 60 | do. | Farmers & Mech. Bank, | 68½ | 50 |
| 13 | do. | Commercial Bank, | 68½a68½ | 50 |
| 21 | do. | Danville & Pottsv. R. R. | 41a43 | 50 |
| 40 | do. | Trenton Banking Company, | 37 | 50 |
| 9 | do. | Bank of N. America, | 460 | 400 |
| 677 | do. | Kentucky Bank, | 34a34½ | 30 |
| 159 | do. | Philadelphia Bank, | 110½a111 | 100 |
| 20 | do. | Louisville & Port. Canal, | 117½ | 100 |
| 317 | do. | Com. Bank Cincinnati, | 110a110½ | 100 |
| 48 | do. | Southwark Fire Insurance, | 5¾ | 50 |
| 20 | do. | Camden Bank, | 53½ | 50 |
| 190 | do. | Northern Bank, Ky. | 9a9½ | 5 |
| | $12,400 | Norristown R. Road Loan, | 120 | 100 |
| 165 | do. | Schuylkill Naviga. Co. | 144½a145 | 50 |
| | $14,00 | County 5 per cents, 1860, | 108 | 100 |
| 50 | do. | Planters' Bank, Miss. | 127 | 100 |
| 140 | do. | North Ameri. Ins. Com. | 15½a15¾ | 10 |
| 280 | do. | Wilmington Rail-Road, | 6¼a7 | 5 |
| 48 | do. | Spring Garden Fire Insur. | 8 | 5 |
| 8 | do. | County Fire Insurance, | 57¼ | 50 |
| 135 | do. | Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co. | 86a87 | 50 |
| 95 | do. | Camden & Amboy R. R. | 143½ | 100 |
| | $1000 | State 5's, 1841, | 105½ | 100 |
| 33 | do. | Penn Township Bank, | 77½a78 | 50 |
| 9 | do. | Kensington Bank, | 73¼ | 50 |
| | $763 | State 5's, 1853, | 110¼ | 100 |
| | $12,00, | do. 1846, | 107a107¼ | 100 |
| 90 | do. | Ohio Canal, | 4½ | 5 |
| 6 | do. | Annuity, | 63½ | 58 |
| 10 | do. | New Orleans Canal, | 112a112½ | 100 |
| 41 | do. | N. A. Coal Company | 18½a19 | 25 |
| 20 | do. | Delaware Coal Company, | 28 | 25 |
| 10 | do. | Strasburg Rail-Road, | 7¼ | 5 |
| 20 | do. | Penn Town-hip Rail-Road, | 43 | 35 |
| 500 | do. | Reading Rail-Road, | 64a64½ | 50 |
| 30 | do. | Manu. and Mech. Bank | 68 | 50 |
| 144 | do. | Valley Rail Road, | 6a6½ | 5 |
| 50 | do. | New Hope Banking Co. | 15 | 10 |
| 10 | do. | Mechanics' Bank, Baltimore, | 19¼ | 10 |

THE LAKE SERPENT.—The public are likely to be edified with another series of wonderful stories about marine monsters. The Detroit Free Press of the 13th ultimo, notices the appearance of a Serpent or Snake in the Lake, which is almost as marvellous as the "Sea Serpent" down east. The Press says:

Yesterday, between the hours of 5 and 6 P. M., a regular built *Snake*, destitute of all appearance of a mane, and of those phrenological bumps, or hunches which are said to be appurtenant to the old sea serpent—of slim formation, and apparently not less than 75 feet in length, and in the middle about 5 feet in circumference, or 20 inches in diameter—floating down the Detroit river, and passing the city, generally with his head elevated from 5 to 8 feet, as in an attitude of surveying, alternately, the scenery presented on either shore—sometimes carried along by the current, coiled as if prepared to spring upon his prey, and at other times stretching forward, at full length, as if to exhibit himself for the gratification and astonishment of his beholders—his back of a dark brown color, his sides a deep green, and his belly a dingy white, without fins—with small green but glistening eyes, encircled with red—at last plunging forward as in sport, and disappearing in the depth of the majestic river—was not seen.

MANSLAUGHTER.—On Tuesday, Mr. John Wright, a respectable stone-cutter of this city, entered a tavern in Decatur street. He there met and entered into conversation with Col. David Simpson and Samuel Steele, and engaged in playing cards. Some difference occurred at the table, and a quarrel ensued. A personal rencontre between Wright and Simpson was the consequence. Mr. Wright got the better of his antagonist, when Steele struck him (Wright) a severe and, as it proved, a fatal blow on the ear. He fell, and died about 12 o'clock. A Coroner's Jury was held which returned a verdict that the deceased died of, a blow or blows upon the head, inflicted by Steele and Simpson. The parties were brought before the Mayor on Thursday morning.

### THE PORTUGUESE INSURGENTS.

The United States District Attorney arrived at Norfolk on Sunday last, and after consultation with the Mayor of the borough, the latter issued a warrant for the arrest of the Portuguese Insurgents, who arrived at that place a few days before in the schooner Boa Nova. The Norfolk Beacon states that the warrant was issued on the oath of Bernardo Raggio, who certified that said officers and soldiers committed an act of piracy on his vessel, within the cognizance of the act of Congress of April, 1820, and about fifty of the soldiers were accordingly taken into custody.

BALLOON FAILURE.—The contemplated ascension of Mr. Lauriat, for which he had made great preparation, we regret to say, was yesterday unsuccessful.—We were unable to be present, and therefore cannot state precisely the reason of the failure. We understand, however, that about half past 5, the aeronaut stationed himself in the car, and with some little difficulty cleared the amphitheatre, but the ascensive power was insufficient, and he descended to the ground. He then attempted to take the balloon within the enclosure to repair the netting, which had partially given way, or been maliciously cut while outside, and just as the car had cleared the fence a sudden gust swayed the balloon, disengaging it from the netting, when it rose to a great height, leaving Mr. Lauriat behind. The gas escaped very fast, and the balloon descended on Thompson's Island, and, we learn, has been recovered. We are sorry for Mr. Lauriat; he had anticipated a brilliant ascension, for which he had spared no pains or expense. He must try again.—*Boston Traveller June 2.*

FORGERY.—During a busy hour on Thursday, a check, purporting to be drawn by Messrs. W. H. Fowble & Co., for 1200 dollars, was presented by a small boy, at the counter of the Mechanics' Bank. The hour was well chosen for the attempt; but the suspicions of the teller were excited by the circumstance of so small a boy being made the messenger for so large a sum of money; and on putting some questions to the latter, the answers were rather calculated to increase than allay these suspicions. At first he said the check was handed to him by Mr. Fowble; and subsequently, as we understand, that the person who gave it to him, for the purpose of getting it cashed, was waiting in a barber shop, not far off. The boy was, in consequence, detained at the Bank, and measures taken with a view to the arrest of his employer. It appeared, however, that the "bird had flown," doubtless having taken the alarm at the long stay of his messenger. The check proved a forgery; and is supposed to have been executed by a person who had called on Messrs. Fowble & Co. the previous evening, and obtained from them, as a favor, for some plausible reason, their check, in lieu of a small sum of money left with them. With the copy thus before him, the forger went to work, and executed a very good imitation, for a considerable sum; and but for the vigilance of the bank officer, this bold attempt might have proved successful.—*Baltimore Paper.*

"When a man says '*Lie*,' does he speak the truth, or does he not? If he lies, he speaks truth; if he speaks truth, he lies." This problem, it is said, puzzled the Stoics to such a degree, that one of them [Chrysippus] wrote six volumes upon it, and another one [Philetus] studied himself to death in endeavoring to effect its solution."

ROBBERY.—On Saturday evening, a gentleman at the junction of the Ridge Road and Broad street, was accosted by two strangers, who enquired the way to Germantown. The gentleman led them partly on their way; and when they had arrived at a solitary spot, they knocked him down with a bludgeon, jumped on him, and having gagged him to prevent his giving the alarm, rifled his pockets and made their escape.—*Phila. Gaz.*


## Chesnut Street Theatre.

Doors open at [illegible] o'clock. Performance to commence at [illegible]. Boxes 75 cents—Pit 37½ cents—Gallery 25 cents. Tickets not Transferable.

Saturday Evening, June 6, 1835,
Will be presented a
FAVOURITE ENTERTAINMENT.
For particulars, see Bills of the day.
Mademoiselle Celeste, is engaged,
And will appear on Monday.

## American Theatre,

WALNUT STREET.

Admission, 1st [illegible] cents—Pit 25 cents—Gallery 12½ cents. Doors open at [illegible] past 7—Performance to commence at a quarter before 8 o'clock, precisely.

MR. EATON'S BENEFIT,
And last Appearance.
Saturday Evening, June 6, 1835,
Will be performed the Tragedy of
RICHARD THE THIRD.
RICHARD.......................MR. EATON.
After which the new Farce of
THE AFFAIR OF HONOR.

## ATKINSON'S CASKET,

FOR JUNE, 1835.

Just published, the June number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the following

EMBELLISHMENTS:

A Portrait of David Rittenhouse; Cane Brake in Texas; Monument of Abelard and Heloise, Pere La Chaise; Schaffhausen, on the Rhine; June, in illustration of the Seasons.

CONTENTS.

Biographical Sketch of David Rittenhouse, with a portrait; [illegible]

LITERARY PORT-FOLIO.

Book of Nature; [illegible]

POETRY.

Miss Catharine's Mistake; Human Life; The Mutual Sigh; [illegible]

☞ The terms of this popular publication are $2.50 per annum, payable in advance, [illegible]

Address, (post paid,)
S. C. ATKINSON, Publisher,
36 Carter's Alley, Phila.
June 6

## Vegetable Worm Lozenges.

THESE Lozenges can be recommended with confidence to the public, as a preparation well calculated to relieve [illegible] by the subscriber, No. 91 North Fourth street.

CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL.

They may also be had at the Southeast corner of Pine and Sixth streets.

ODONTALGICA.—A Medicine to relieve the Tooth Ache. These pills, prompt and efficacious in their action, [illegible] To be had at No. 91 North Fourth street. June 6—6m

## Economy!

JEWETT'S Chemical Water Proof, warranted to render all kinds of Leather impervious to water, [illegible] may be seen at No. 315 Race street, two doors above Ninth, where the article is for sale.

June 6—3t* J. DRUMMOND, Agent.

## Removal.

GEO. P. SCHIVELY & Co. have removed their SURGICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY, from 4th below Chesnut, to No. 31 North Eighth, corner of Zane st.; having made extensive additions to their establishment, are now prepared to furnish all orders, wholesale and retail, with neatness and despatch. June 6—4t

## "Temple of Reason,"

DEVOTED to Free Inquiry, Moral Science, Universal Education, and Human Happiness, [illegible]

Motto—Reason, Truth, and Justice will be met by Reason, the Sacred Books, by Facts and Arguments. Special Theories, by Science.

RUSSEL CANFIELD, Editor.
June 6—3t* 232 Market street, Philada.

## Wanted.

WE the undersigned, contractors of the Lafayette and Franklin Banks of Cincinnati, are in want of a number of good Stone Cutters, Stone Setters and Labourers, to whom constant employment and liberal wages will be given.

J. & J. ROBERTS,
June 6—10t* Walnut and Eighth sts. Cincinnati.

## Chester County Hotel.

THE subscriber has removed into his large and new Hotel, at the corner of Market and Church streets, West Chester. This building is 70 feet in front, and 95 feet deep, with upwards of 60 parlors and lodging rooms. [illegible] and Brandywine Springs, and other places of resort.

June 6—7t* WILLIAM EVERHART.

## Summer Boarding,

*In West Chester, Chester County, Pennsylvania.*

THE subscriber having taken the fine, commodious and airy house, formerly occupied by Wm. Everhart, Esq., in West Chester, will accommodate families, or single gentlemen, with boarding. [illegible] The Rail Roads afford daily intercommunication with Philadelphia, and an opposite direction with the Susquehanna at Columbia. JAMES WALTON.

June 6—7t*

## Montgomery County.

IN the matter of the application for an inquest to value and appraise the real estate of Jane Price, late of Lower Merion, late of the said county, deceased.

At an Orphans' Court, held at Norristown, in and for said county, the 14th day of April, A. D. 1835, before the Honorable John Fox and Hiram McNeill, Judges of the said court, on motion of Benjamin Powell, the Court grant a rule upon all the Heirs and legal Representatives of said deceased, to be and appear at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Norristown, in and for said county, on Monday, the 17th day of August, A. D. 1835, at 10 o'clock, A. M. then and there to accept or refuse the real estate of said deceased, at the valuation thereof.

Certified from the Record, May 27th, A. D. 1835.

June 6—5t* JOHN H. SHEETZ, Clerk.

## Wanted,

BY a single gentleman, an office and two upper rooms, in a private family, and in a central part of the city, between Fifth and Tenth street. Or wanted a pleasant family to occupy a fine house at a cheap rent, except an office and two rooms reserved for him. Apply by a letter left at the Post Office, directed to Z. B. June 6—1t

## Wanted Immediately,

A GOOD Mahogany Chair maker. Also, a steady lad, as an apprentice, between the age of 13 and 17 years. Apply at 164 South Fourth street. J. CHAPMAN.

may 23—3t

## James H. Briscoe,—Dentist,

No. 309 Arch street, above Eighth.
Office hours from 9 A. M., to 4 o'clock, P. M.
nov 1 '34—1yf

## A Card.

W. L. HALLIFIELD, Surgeon Dentist, No. 104 Pine street, Philadelphia, respectfully informs the public, that he sets the incorruptible Porcelain Teeth of a superior quality, on fine Gold Plates, on moderate terms. Also, Teeth and Fangs extracted, Teeth plugged, filed and cleaned. All operations warranted.

Reference—Dr. George McClellan, Dr. John Rush and many testimonials from other gentlemen of the highest respectability. may 30—3m

## Capt. Ross' 2nd Expedition.

JUST published, and for sale at J. G. Auner's Bookstore, No. 331 Market street, below Ninth—"Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a Northwest Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832 and 1833," by Sir John Ross, C. B. K. S. A., K. C. S., &c. &c., Captain in the Royal Navy; including the Reports of Commander (now Captain) J. C. Ross, and the discovery of the Northern Magnetic Pole. With a Map.

Also, Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, by W. Irving.
The Infidel, or the Fall of Mexico, by Dr. Bird.
The Conquest of Florida, by T. Irving.
The Siege of Vienna, by Mad. Pichler.
Border Tales, by James Hall.
Poems, by Mrs. Sigourney.
The Insurgents.
Tough Yarns, by the Old Sailor.
Fanny Kemble's Journal.
Influence, by the author of Miriam, &c. &c.
may 30—3t

## R. F. & R. W. HILL,

*Coffin Makers and general Furnishing Undertakers, No. 593 N. Second street, above Beaver.*

COFFINS ready made of all patterns. Also, Ice Boxes, and a one and two horse Hearse.

N. B.—Attendance at all hours. ap 4—6m* if

☞ JOB PRINTING ☜

Of every description neatly executed at the Office of the
Saturday Evening Post & Casket,
No. 36 Carter's Alley,
THREE DOORS BELOW THIRD ST.
Handbills, Posting Bills, Cards, Tickets, Blanks, Labels &c. &c.


### ALMANACK.

| JUNE. 1835. | SUN RISES. | SUN SETS. | HIGH WATER. | MOON'S PHASES. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 SATURDAY, | 4 36 | 7 22 | 10 44 | |
| 7 SUNDAY, | 4 35 | 7 22 | 11 30 | D. H. M. |
| 8 MONDAY, | 4 37 | 7 23 | | |
| 9 TUESDAY, | 4 37 | 7 23 | 0 24 | First 4 [illegible] |
| 10 WEDNESDAY, | 4 36 | 7 24 | [illegible] | Full 10 [illegible] |
| 11 THURSDAY, | 4 36 | 7 24 | [illegible] | Last 17 [illegible] |
| 12 FRIDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | [illegible] | New 25 [illegible] |
| 13 SATURDAY, | 4 35 | 7 25 | [illegible] | |

Saving Fund Society.—The Northern Liberty, Kensington and Spring Garden Saving Fund Society [illegible] at their office, No. 320 North Third below Green street.

### MARRIAGES.

On the 27th ult., by the Rev. James Patterson, Mr. Rufus Smith, of Middlefield, Mass., to Miss Catharine Schober, only daughter of Frederick Schober, of this city.

On Sunday morning, May 24, at St. John's Church New Milford, Connecticut, by the Rev. E. Herrington, George W. Gill, of Philadelphia, to Sarah M. only daughter of Samuel Lockwood, Esq. of the former place.

On the 10th April, by Alderman Binns, David Miles, to Beulah T. Parker, both of this city.

On Monday last, 1st June, by the Rev. Mr. McCrerry, Mr. John C. Lockwood, of Middletown, Del. to Miss Susan W. Mitchell, of this city.

On Monday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, in Grace Church, the Hon. Mr. Parnell, of England, to Miss Stewart, daughter of Commodore Stewart, of the U. S. Navy.

On Thursday, 28th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Mr. James Dixon, to Miss Adeline Chew, daughter of the late Jacob Winand, Esq. of Baltimore.

On Thursday morning, 28th ult. in the Unitarian Church, by the Rev. William H. Furness, Samuel Kimber, to Susan, daughter of the late Adam Konigmacher, all of this city.

On the evening of the 24th ult. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. Robert Collins, to Miss Margaret Steel.

On Thursday evening, 28th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Joseph C. Hood, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss Mary D. H. daughter of the late Wm. McCorkle, Esq. of this city.

On the 14th of April, by the Rev S. H. Cone, Mr. Augustus Packard, to Miss Eleanor, daughter of Mr. Joseph Lees, of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday morning, 26th ult. in St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Chauncey Colton, William B. Norton, merchant of Wilkesbarre, Valley of Wyoming, Penn., to Mary, daughter of the late John J. Wright, Esq. merchant, formerly of New Orleans.

At Garwood, by the Rev. J. Wampole, on the 21st ult. the Rev. J. W. Richards, pastor of the Evangelic Lutheral Augustus Church, Trappe, to Miss Amanda, only daughter of H. Garber, Esq.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. John B. Clemson, Geo. Washington Barton, Esq. of Lancaster, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Clemson, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 3d inst. by the same, George Washington North, of Philadelphia, to Catherine M. daughter of the late Thomas Clemson, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday evening, the 28th ult. by the Rev. Belton Feiler, Mr. Thomas Davis, to Miss Beulah Webster Lippincott, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 27th ult. by the Rev. Joseph Lybrant, Henry S. Yeager, to Miss Matilda Lovane, all of the Northern Liberties.

At Reading, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. R. U. Morgan, Mr. John Solomon, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary B. Brinton, daughter of Mr. Caleb Brinton, of Chester county, Pennsylvania.

In Pittsburgh, Mr. John B. McFadden, merchant, of that city, to Mrs. Martha W. Farrelly, of East Liberty.

At Dennis's Creek, N. J. on Thursday evening, the 21st ult. by the Rev. Moses Williamson, Randolph Marshall, M. D. of Port Elizabeth, to Miss Sarah H. Hughes, of the former place, and daughter of Mr. Ellis Hughes, of Cape Island.

At St. Petersburgh, Russia, in the chapel of the British Factory, on the 2d April last, by the Rev. Edward Law, John Randolph Clay, Secretary of the American Legation, to Frances Ann Sophia Gibbs, daughter of Harry Leake Gibbs, of St. Petersburgh.

### DEATHS.

On the 25th ult. of measles, Caroline J. Newman, aged 4 years, 4 months and 9 days, daughter of Mrs Sarah Ann Plumley, of West Kensington.

On Thursday evening, 28th ult. in the 4th year of his age, William, son of Samuel and Mary Ann Severson.

On Thursday evening, 28th ult. Mr. Samuel Runner, in the 52d year of his age.

At New York, on the 28th ult. Isaac Hopper, son of Samuel and Rachel H. Brown, aged 2 years.

On Tuesday morning, after a protracted suffering from pulmonic disease, which was born with christian patience, Joseph Compton, in the 48th year of his age.

On Thursday morning, 28th ult. in the 6th year of her age, Mary Adeline, daughter of Isaac and Hannah Robeson.

Departed this life on third day morning the second day of the present month, at her residence in Wilmington, Delaware, Jane Alderdice, an esteemed member of the Society of Friends. May her amiableness long be remembered by her friends and relations.

On Sunday the 31st ult., Noble, son of Thomas Thompson, aged 5 years 11 months and 4 days.

On Wednesday morning, the 3d inst. Miss Elizabeth Pierce, at the advanced age of 93 years.

On Tuesday morning, 2d inst Miss Ann Feinour, niece of the late George Feinour, in the 18th year of her age.

On 4th day morning, the 3d inst. aged 19, of consumption, Frances, daughter of the late Thomas Phipps.

On Tuesday, the 2d inst. Mr. Joseph Franks, in the 35th year of his age.

Early on the morning of the 2d inst. Emily, daughter of William H. Rhodes, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On Friday morning, after a long and severe illness, Mr. William Broome, Sen. in the 65th year of his age.

On Saturday morning, 23d ult. Epaphroditus, son of Wm. Norris, aged 5 years.

On Thursday morning, of measles, Elizabeth, daughter of John Yarnell, aged 20 months.

Early on Sunday morning, after a severe illness, Mrs. Hannah M. Francis.

At the Hotel of Wm. Everhart, Esq. in West Chester, on the 20th ult. of a pulmonary consumption, Edward Rives, about 24 years of age, recently from Philadelphia. The unremitted attention bestowed upon the unfortunate stranger, by Mr. Everhart and his affectionate and amiable companion, betokens the feelings of philanthropy, and is pre-eminently calculated to soften the thorny pillow, and smooth the bed of death, when far removed from friends and acquaintances.

In Philadelphia Alms House, on the 27th ult. (soon after admission) Josiah or Jeremiah Price. He stated that he was born in England, had a family, and was a Skindresser.

On Saturday afternoon, about 6 o'clock, William S. Biddle, Esq. elder brother of Nicholas Biddle and Commodore James Biddle. The deceased was bred to the profession of the law, which he pursued for several years with success and repute. After his retirement from the bar, he resumed the literary studies of which he had originally been fond, and divided his time between them and the enjoyment of refined social intercourse. His mind was remarkably clear and well stored: his conversation easy, bland, and instructive; indicating always a peculiar kindness and delicacy of spirit. His example was uniformly excellent in all the relations and duties of domestic life: it was marked by constant warmth of affection and liberality of sentiment, guided and tempered by sound sense and salutary discretion.

At his residence, Fair Hill, near Mechanicsville, Montgomery county, Maryland, on the 22d May, Amos Farquhar, in his 67th year, a member of the society of Friends.

At New Orleans, on the morning of the 14th ult. from the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs at the house of his friend, Jr. M. Neil, S. A. Wickes, M. D. a native of Charlestown, Maryland, and for the last 6 or 7 years a resident of Philadelphia.


## Mrs. J. Redman,

THANKFUL for past favours, tenders her sincere thanks to her friends and the public, and would respectfully inform them that she still continues to keep on hand the standard works in Literature and Theology. Also, the new publications of the day, with a variety of choice Stationery, Engravings, Scrap Books, Albums, &c. which she offers for sale at low prices, at the established Stand, 121 South Fifth street.

N. B.—Counting house Blank Stand, on liberal terms.

may 30—3t*

## LEHIGH COAL

**$4 75 PER TON.**

THE LEHIGH COAL & NAVIGATION COMPANY offer for sale their soft free burning Coal, an excellent article, either in large lumps or egg size, at the low price of $4 75 per ton of 2240 lbs. delivered without charge for carting, to any part of the city of Philadelphia or adjoining districts.

They also offer their superior Hard Coal at fifty cents additional, or $5 25 per ton, delivered as above mentioned.

Orders will be received at the Company's Office, No. 78 South Second street. Also, at their Northern Coal Yard, Front street above Callowhill, and at their Southern Yard corner of Catharine and Swanson streets. sept 13—tf

## Paper Hangings.

HOWELL & BROTHERS, Paper Hanging Manufacturers, No. 70½ Chesnut street, between Second and Third streets, South side, Philadelphia.

City and Country Merchants are respectfully solicited to call and examine the great variety of splendid Paper Hangings, Borders, Views, Band Box Papers, Fire Boards Prints, &c. &c., which they manufacture themselves, and can warrant equal to any in the market, which they will sell at the lowest rates. may 23—6t* if

## "The Philanthropist."

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, is published by J. Stuart, on every Saturday, at No. 5 Library street, and is devoted to "Temperance, Education, Prison Discipline, Pauper Reform, Industry, Literature, General News, including Religious and Political Facts, without sectarian or party views. Size of sheet, double medium. Price $2 per annum in advance. ap 18 if tf

## A Partner Wanted.

A PARTNER, with a capital of about $300, is wanted in a Locksmith and Bell Hanging Establishment, and Manufactory of Fire Proof Chests. It is immaterial whether the person understands the trades or not, but he is willing to attend occasionally to the concern. Apply to HUGH MOORE,

feb 28—if tf— 109 Lombard street, Philadelphia.

## To Country Merchants.

THE subscriber offers for sale, a quantity of Pocket and Pen Knives, partially damaged, at low prices, either wholesale or retail. ALEX. LURDEN.

Hardware Store, No. 23 South Second street,
may 16—3t* corner of Stamper's Alley.

## For Sale,

500 lbs. of Superior Block Brushes, 300 lbs. of No. 1 and 2 very superior Shoemakers' Bristles. [illegible]

Apply to [illegible] BUSCH,
may 16—tf No. 20 North Third street.

## Edward W. David—Dentist,

*And Manufacturer of Incorruptible Teeth,*
may 30—6m if No. 204 Arch street, above Eighth.


## BOOK OF NATURE.

Two Vols. [illegible]

[illegible]

## DR. HOOD'S TRUSS,

*For the immediate Relief and Radical Cure of HERNIA OR RUPTURE.*

THE [illegible]

Gentlemen are referred to the following [illegible]

Copy of a letter from [illegible] Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania.

[illegible]

With consideration and respect, I am yours, SAMUEL JACKSON.

[illegible]

GEORGE McCLELLAN.

Philadelphia, April 28th, 1835.

Copy of a letter from Granville Sharp Pattison, Professor of Anatomy in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

[illegible]

GRANVILLE S. PATTISON.

Copy of a letter from John W. Cook, M. D. of [illegible] Chester county, Pa., 5th month, 1835, to the Proprietors of the instrument.

Respected Friends:—I have the pleasure of informing you that I have succeeded in effecting four permanent cures of Rupture, during the short time in which I have been engaged in the practice of your Truss and its appendages. [illegible]

JOHN W. COOK.

Copy of a letter from H. M. Harlan, M. D., of Delaware county, Pa., to the Proprietor of the instrument.

[illegible]

H. M. HARLAN.

We have in our possession a number of certificates of the first respectability relative to cures performed by the instrument, [illegible]

Address Hood, Bodder & Chase. Office No. 119 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, May 26th, 1835.

The subscriber was originally the purchaser of the Truss, known as Hagner's, [illegible]

June 6—1t JOHN HOOD.

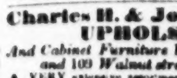

## Porter, Ale and Cider.

JOHN BURLMAN, No. 18 Franklin Place, Philadelphia continues to bottle Porter, Ale and Cider, of the first quality, for exportation and home consumption. ap 11—3m if

## For Wilmington,

DAILY.

THE STEAM-BOAT WILMINGTON,
Capt. Henry Reed,



WILL leave ARCH STREET wharf every day for Wilmington, at 3 o'clock, P. M. and returning, will leave WILMINGTON every day for Philadelphia, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

Fare to Wilmington or Philadelphia, 25 cents.
Chester or Marcus Hook, 20 cents.
All Baggage at the risk of the owner.
Freights as per printed list.
Breakfast and dinner provided on board.
☞ All freights to be delivered on board of the boat at least one hour before the time of departure. ap 4—tf

## Charles H. & John F. White's UPHOLSTERY

*And Cabinet Furniture Ware Rooms, Nos. 107 and 109 Walnut street, Philadelphia.*

A VERY extensive assortment of Cabinet Furniture and Upholstery, finished in the best and most elegant manner, is kept constantly on hand at the above Ware Rooms. The Furniture is manufactured by the most experienced workmen, [illegible]

feb 21—3m

Published this office of Libby, Wright & Co. No. 32 Ann Street.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

**PARODY.**

Oh! is the early night,
Do Mother's thoughts has turned me,
Not commonly before the light
Thou shalt be dressed and gone!
My mamma's thing is my own,
The world of light I'm leaving,
My mind that thinks is spent and gone,
And yet my world's heaven!

Oh! is the early night, &c.

When I question of
The school and young together,
We must dressed me but
Thou I am in heavy weather,
Thou I am gone when I made down
Thou I am gone when I dressed,
Where Lovelady's dead whose spirit's fled
And I am a Sign's deserted.

Oh! is the early night, &c.

Since is a School Room—"June," said the master, "you must be in school yesterday."

"Sir, sir, Mary's uncle another died yesterday," at the same time holding out a shaped paper on which were written the following memento of departure, beginning replies:—

"Well, Mary," said the master, after enquiring in her behalf, "what did you do yesterday?"

"Oh, Jane!" "Hope at least it go pottering."—*Brewster Pol.*

*The Sailing Passion.*—A story is told of a newspaper editor at sea, when the boys by mistake put him on an unusually early hour. "Boy," said he, "the day is break up." "Let it break," growled the sleepy man after, "it owes my nothing."

A lady reading from a newspaper the announcement of a marriage between a Mr. Lion and a Miss Lamb, a friend observed, "There is one prophecy verified, the lion and the lamb shall lie down together."

An Irish Lieutenant, who had exchanged from the 6th regiment to the 33d, was asked what induced him to do so? "Because," said he, "I had a brother in the 33d, and I wanted to be near him."

*Sugar Against Disease.*—I have often thought (says Dr. Kitchiner) to draw up a memorial in behalf of certain against lizards, setting forth—that the sad Dreaver has made several encroachments on the sad Dreaver, and entered very far upon his frontiers; indeed, that he has thinned him entirely out of several hundreds, and in all has driven him from his headquarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the south of Midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of losing his character for ever, by being compelled, in self-defence, to make similar encroachments upon the territories of his ancient neighbour and old friend, Dreadfield.

The gentleman who drawes the latest
Is, to our mind, unknown the greatest;
Yet lovely, greater than them all
Is he who never dreaves at all.

A wag on being told it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said, "He supposed it would end at last in not dining till to-morrow."

[From the Knickerbocker.]

**IS HE RICH?**

He is rich if he be, he is rich in worth,
And rich in the life of an honest birth;
He is rich in his country's heart and home,
And rich in the thoughts that high souls claim;
He is rich in the books of the olden time,
And rich in the air of a freeman's clime;
He is rich no more to share on his brow,
Of the crimson drops of his father's crest
Yet a nobler gems, on the battle field,
Of brave the haughty barons was taught to yield
Then not one of more, "Is he rich in gold?"
His riches were bought—but can ne'er be sold.

M.

Dams in Barbary.—The Turks and Moors wear linen under their tunics; but the Arabs, in general, have only woollen vestments. However, it is customary for the bridegroom and bride of the latter nation to wear a shirt in the unbroken of their nuptials, which shirt, made of silk in a still hang together. The sleeves of them worn by the man are wide and open at the wrists, while those of the women are made of green and different coloured ribbons, interchangeably bound together.—*Shirle.*

*Visit of a Sermon Delivered near Litchfield.*—(From an old Work.)—You that have ears to hear, open to me, tongues to taste, throats to swallow, draw near my, and pick up the crumbs I shall scatter among you; the crumbs of comfort wherewith ye must be strengthened, until ye become cherubims of grace, and are grounded in the concept righteousness. Your pearly eyes are hard as Suffolk cheese or a Norfolk dumpling, my discourse shall heat them, as it were, upon a cobbler's lapstone, until they become as soft as a roasted apple, and even as soft as a custard, and such written within a narrow compass. Do you know what trade Adam was? If you don't, I'll tell you. Why, Adam was a planter, for he planted the Garden of Eden. Now, do you know what was the first thing Adam set up his garden. He hoe, you don't, know don't you? Then I will tell you—he fence! He fence, I say, was the first thing Adam set in his garden. But he could not keep it there; no, no, no, he could not keep it there, for Lucifer came behind him, tripped up his heels, and tumbled him out, head and shoulders. I'll tell you a secret; aye I'll tell you a secret. Knees were made before shoes. For the beasts of the field were made before man, and they have no shoes at all; therefore, down on your marrow bones, and pray for mercy, else you will be turned into Beelzebub's underground kitchen, and made jumpin in to Satan.

Bishop Jewel, in a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth in 1559, tells her, "It may please Your Grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your Grace's realm. Your subjects pine away even unto death—their colour faded, their speech is benumbed, their joints shake, their hair stareth, their flesh trembleth, their tongue faltereth, their mind museth, their sense perisheth, their ears tingle, their hearts pant, their stomachs grudge, their hands tremble, their feet stumble, their whole body ready to sink from the service of Account. Your Grace, good Queen, for the love of God, consider this! Your subjects pine away, their colour fadeth, their mind museth, their sense perisheth, their ears tingle, their hearts pant, their stomachs grudge, their hands tremble, their feet stumble, their whole body ready to sink from the service of God